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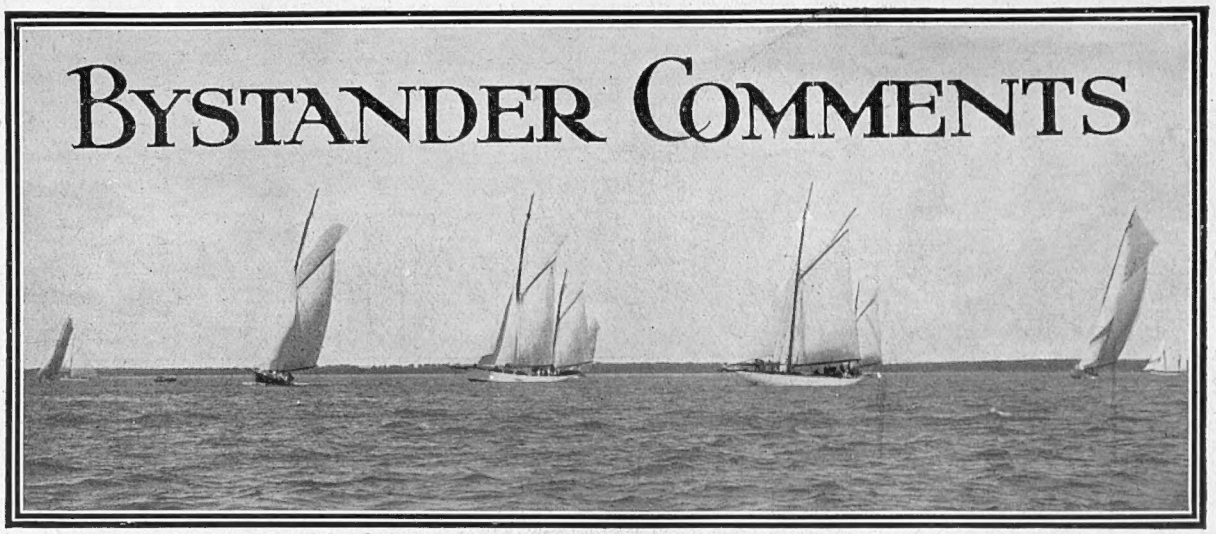
No. 401.—Vol. XXXI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 9, 1911 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE MARCHIONESS OF RIPON

His Majesty's hostess for the opening of the grouse shooting season. The King stays at Studley Royal from Friday next to the following Tuesday

Bystander Comments



The Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta: The Start of the Race for the King's Cup at Cowes

The King gives many cups for yachting. This particular one can be competed for only by boats owned by members of the Squadron—the most exclusive club in the world. The race was sailed under handicap, and was won with the aid of her allowance by Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's ketch, *Julnar*, which actually finished fifth

"Pro Bono Publico"

The new diplomacy is entitled to one more feather in its cap in respect of the ceremony of the signing of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty at Washington. It was decided to admit to the proceedings not only journalists, but photographers. No doubt in due course we shall be favoured with authentic photographs of plenipotentiary ministers before taking and after taking. There was a time when the signing of an important treaty was regarded as a very occult function, full of the dignity which the popular mind associates with mystery in any form. But it is clear that we are now within measurable distance of the time when ministers signing treaties or discussing delicate international problems will be attended by the ubiquitous cinematograph operator, representing the public.

A "Scene"

How long are we to wait for a living picture of the House of Commons during an animated debate? It is true that the spectator at the subsequent public exhibition would not have the advantage of hearing the words that accompanied the gestures depicted on the screen, but in view of recent events he might regard this as a matter for self-congratulation.

Wake Up, Whitehall?

Our military authorities show a strange reluctance in adopting the aeroplane. It is announced that in the forthcoming manœuvres in Essex only six flying machines will be employed; while simultaneously comes the news that at the impending military manœuvres in France no fewer than thirty aeroplanes will be in active operation. Considering the very poor show made by the English aviators in the recent race, as compared with their French rivals, it certainly seems as if the War Office wanted waking-up (which has been said before). After all, an aeroplane is not nearly so expensive as a Dreadnought, and aviation has become too serious a matter to remain the foster-child of private benefactors. A little encouragement from the Government, please!

France in Front

During the Boer War, General Buller attributed the earlier reverses to the fact that the scouting department was not so efficient as it might have been. In any future war—a naval war especially—the aeroplane scout will be indispensable, and for the moment we do not seem to possess any reliable examples of this new arm. The French, on the other hand, have not only found good aeroplanes and skilled aviators, but they are now perfecting a workable system of wireless telegraphy between the aeroplane in mid-air and the commanding officer below. Surely it is time we took the subject more seriously—even if an experiment or so did cost the nation the ruinous sum of two or three hundred pounds.

"M. domestica"

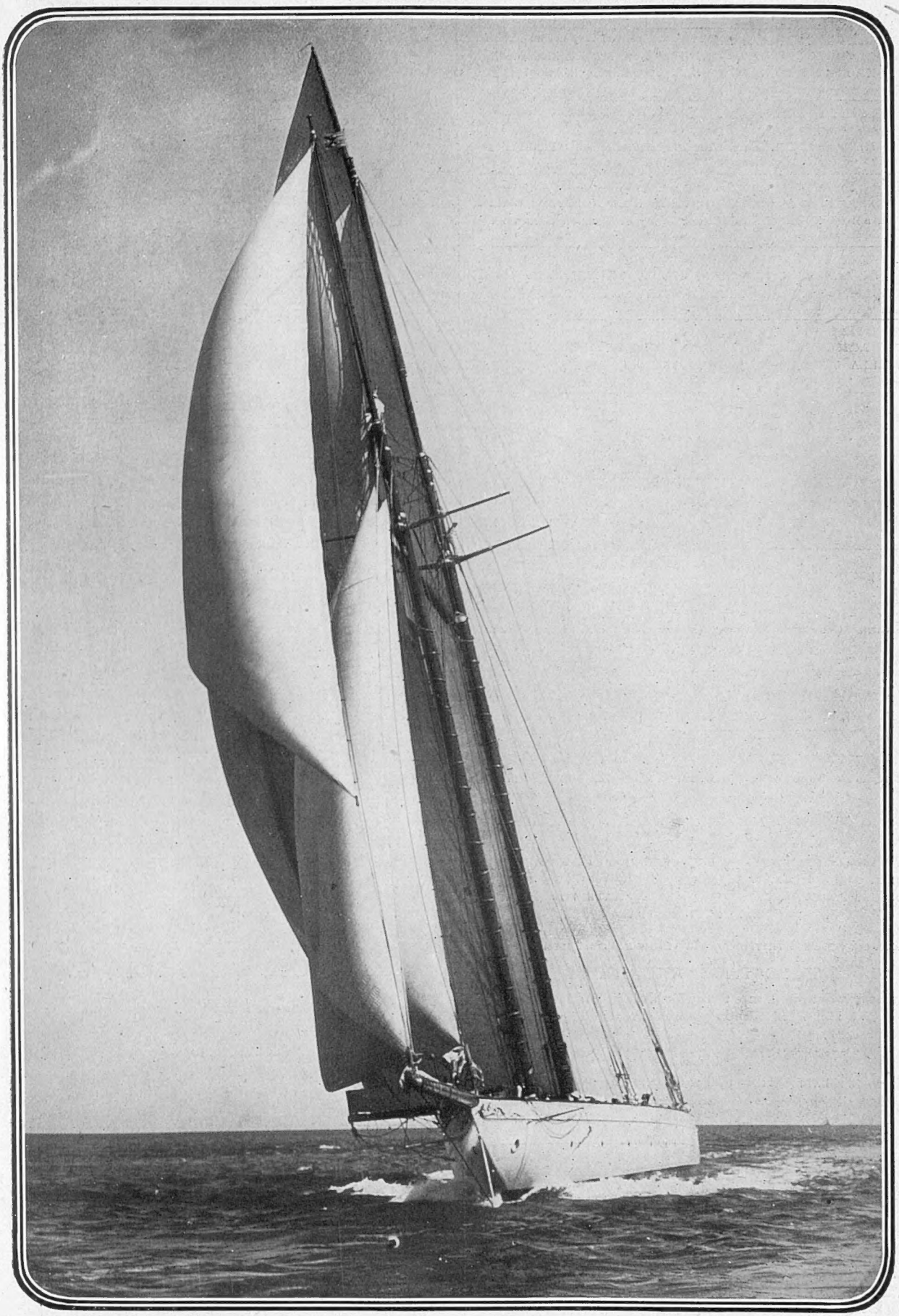
While the subject of flying is in the air (if such levity may be permitted!) it is to be noted with interest that the common house-fly is getting its share of notice in the daily Press. Scientists have now arrived at the conclusion that *Musca domestica*, to give it its official title, is a greater source of danger to the community than has hitherto been suspected. There was a time when *M. domestica* had its friends—kindly people who claimed that it exerted a beneficent influence by keeping the air of a room in motion; but its friends have now gone over to the enemy. It has been decided that the fly has no redeeming qualities whatever. It is bad all through, and every public-spirited person who may have the chance to kill a fly is now urged to strike swiftly and well for England and St. George.

Sport for the Masses

One of the London municipalities has taken up the battle-cry and is organising a fly *battue*. As there are, no doubt, many people who are unable, for various reasons, to visit the moors just now, it is extremely considerate of the medical authorities to offer a form of sport which may be enjoyed in every suburban home without the irritating expense involved by shooting rents and universal tips.

A Cup Instead of a Coup

GERMANY WINS AT COWES IF NOT IN MOROCCO



Photograph *Cribb*

HERR KRUPP VON BOHLEN UND HOLBACH'S SCHOONER "GERMANIA" WINNING THE KAISER'S CUP AT COWES ON WEDNESDAY LAST

By way of consolation for the rebuff in Morocco, the German Emperor's Cup at Cowes was won by a German boat, German-owned and German-manned. The race was for yachts of not less than 44ft. in length on the water-line with time allowance on the International scale. "Germania" was the scratch boat, and in a fresh breeze easily saved her time on the others. Mr. Myles Kennedy's 23-metre cutter "White Heather" was second

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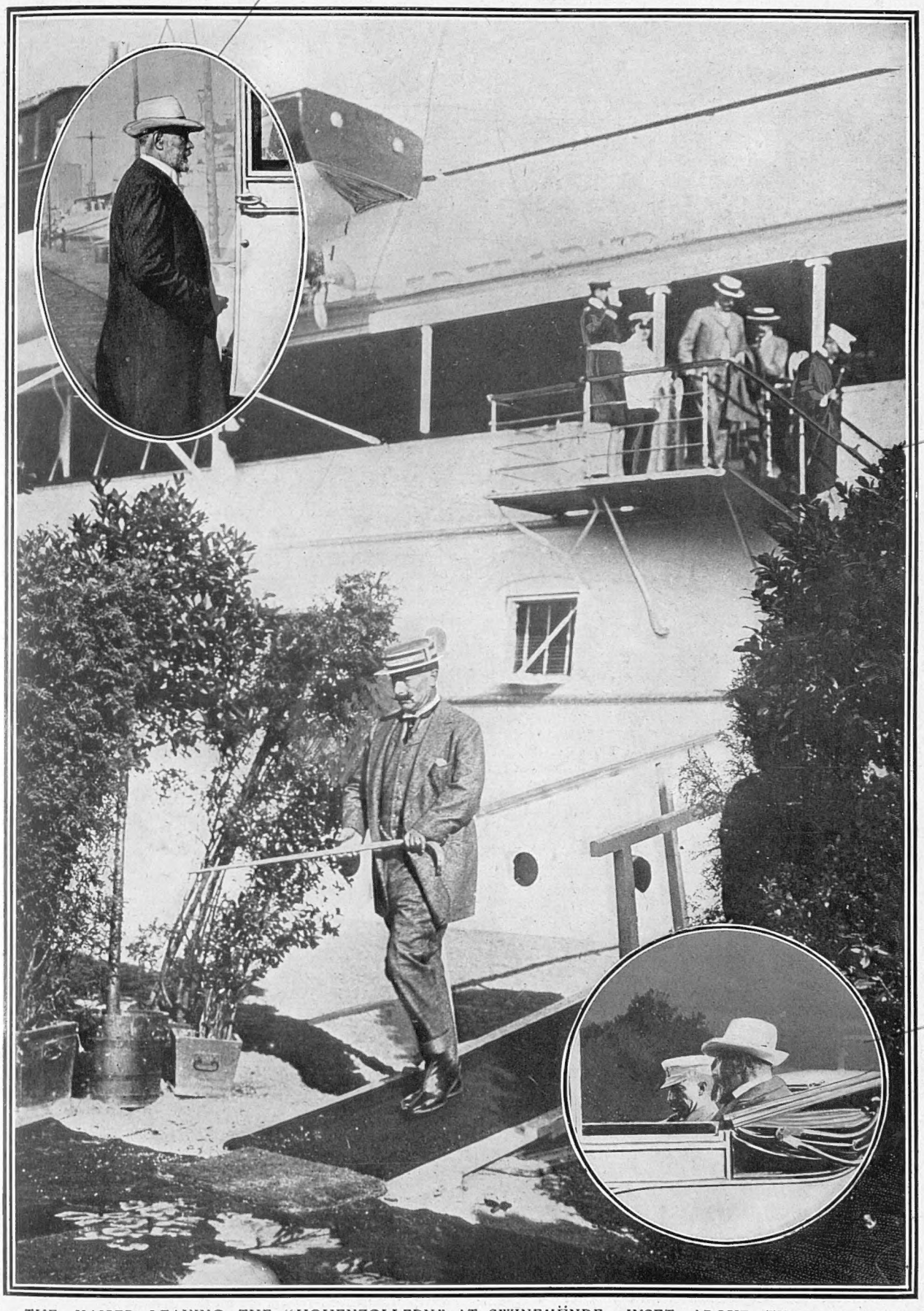
THE KAISER'S DEEP CONCERN IN THE MOROCCAN CRISIS



THE KAISER LEAVING THE "HOHENZOLLERN" AT SWINEMÜNDE. INSET ABOVE, THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG ENTERING THE KAISER'S CAR. INSET BELOW, THE KAISER AND THE CHANCELLOR DRIVING AWAY TOGETHER

According to the Berlin Correspondent of the *Matin*, the Kaiser is so very keen on the Moroccan affair that he left Germany when the crisis was becoming acute, and gave express orders, which were obeyed to the letter, that not a word about it should be uttered to him during his cruise. He was in a very bad humour when he arrived at Swinemünde, and looks it in our photograph. When the Chancellor and the Foreign Minister met him he must at once have addressed them thus: "I am delighted to see you. You are going to accompany me to the house of a lady with whom I am taking tea." They then drove away in motor-cars. The Kaiser is said to be furious at the failure of his Ministers' policy, which had his complete approval

At Court and in Society

Royalty

THE King held a Council yesterday, and is expected to be at Buckingham Palace, within call of his Ministers, until Friday, when, for the opening of the grouse-shooting season, he goes to Studley Royal as the guest of Lord and Lady Ripon. Next week he will shoot with the Duke of Devonshire *en garçon* at Bolton Abbey, and from thence go to Moy Hall as guest of The Mackintosh, over whose moors the year before last the King and seven other guns accounted for nearly 2,000 brace of game in four days.

Its Plans

These plans are rather at the mercy of the political situation, of course, but it is hoped it will be possible to carry them out, as the King is extremely keen on grouse-shooting, as well as one of the best shots in all Europe. Balmoral expects the King during the last week of the month, and it is now probable that the Queen will postpone her visit to Germany until the Court returns to Town in October.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

The Marquess of Ripon
(Studley Royal)

A Scottish Household

Moy Hall, where the King is shortly to shoot, is one of the finest places in the Highlands, of which The Mackintosh is one of the most important untitled chieftains. Prince Charlie dined there (the actual table remains) on the night before Culloden, and here at dinner to-day the domestic piper, who wakes the family with "Johnny Cope" every morning, of course, comes in with dessert. The Mackintosh wears a kilt whenever possible, and is a typical Scot. He has, however, a Welsh wife, who was an heiress. He owns a house in Hill Street and a place near Cardiff.

THE KING'S HOSTS FOR THE AUGUST SHOOTING

The Duke of Devonshire
(Bolton Abbey)

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

The Mackintosh of Mackintosh
(Moy Hall)

Spain at Eaton

Two—or is it three?—years ago King Alfonso of Spain motored by day and also by night, and was only really happy when exceeding all speed-limits by some fifty miles an hour. To-day in the Royal favour the motor has degenerated into a mere convenience, and it is now that still faster pursuit—polo — that bewitches the Spanish monarch. Polo ponies follow him round the country (I met a few going down to Cowes); His Majesty talks of little else than of them, his game, and other people's; and when he plays, or so it appeared at Hurlingham the other day, it is with every scrap of the dash and daring, not to say hardihood, expected of this exuberant young monarch.

—And Other Guests

All the Spanish suite and most of the best-known London polo-players are included in the Duke of Westminster's party for his polo week. In addition, Princess Pless (the Duchess's sister), the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Helen Grosvenor, Lady Marjorie Manners (a childhood friend of the Queen's), and, among others, Lord and Lady Alastair Innes Ker and Lord and Lady Dalmeny. Eaton was built for entertaining, of course (at a cost of a million sterling), and can accommodate with ease a whole army of visitors, as well as their maids, valets, chauffeurs, grooms, and all.

"Provincial Rowing"

An interesting article on this subject will appear next week summarising our valued correspondents' suggestions. I regret that it has not been possible to publish all the interesting letters received. The "Famous Rowing Clubs At Home" series will also be resumed.

Scotland and Society

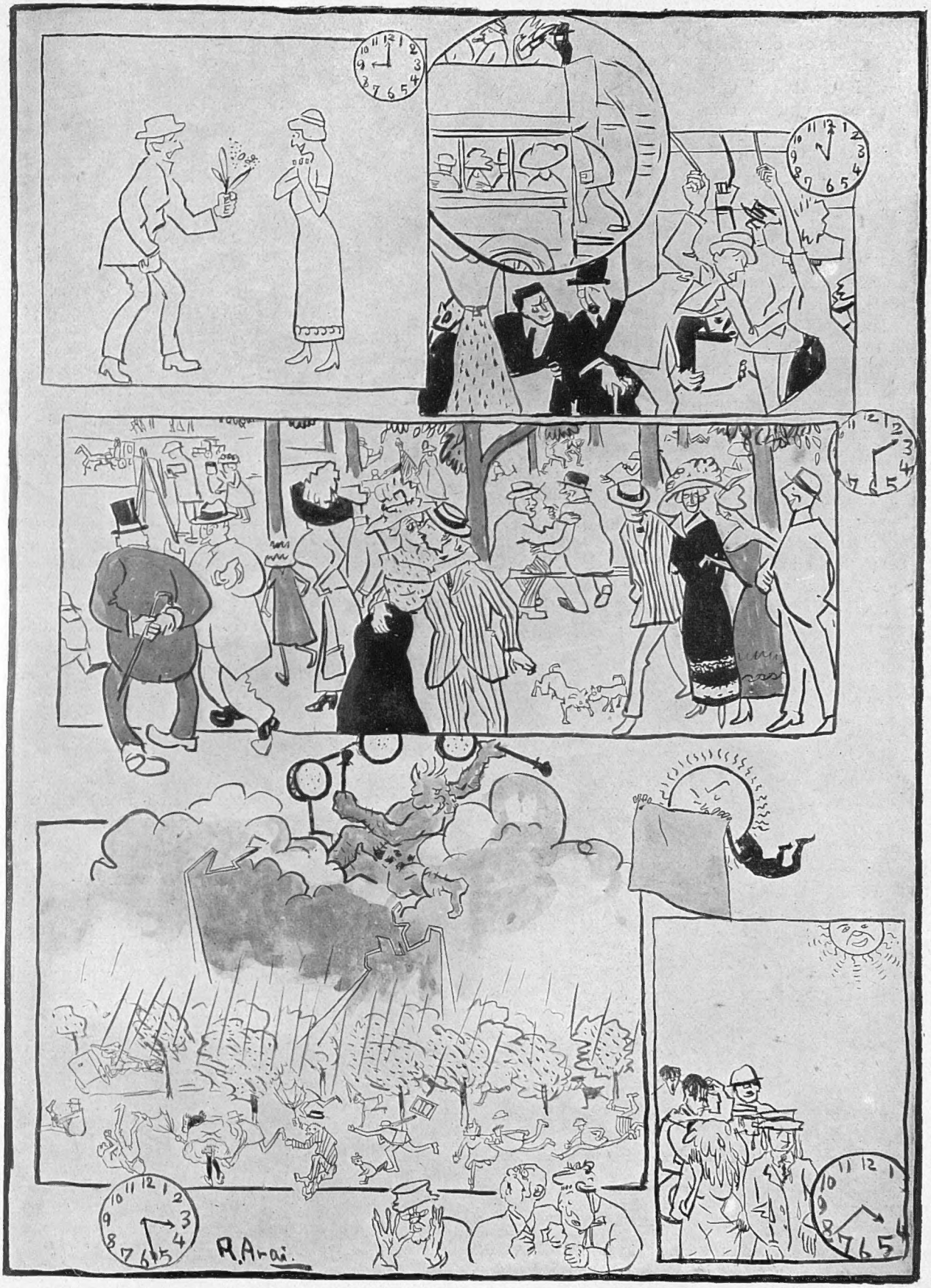
Before Queen Victoria discovered Scotland what *did* Society do, I wonder, in the months of August and September? I suppose Brighton was "possible" at this time then, or even Margate, and, of course, the Spas; for fresh air wasn't thought necessary for the masses in the good old days, and they would never have presumed as now calmly to take it. But none of these places could ever have been so expensive as Scotland, and it's the expense, of course, that makes North Britain so very much the thing.

—In August and September

Scotland, in its remoter parts, anyway, is, of course, the ideal spot for Society on holiday. It is inaccessible, expensive, bracing enough to revive even the most season-fagged for the joys of Newmarket to come, and, best of all, alive with things to kill with a

"Everybody Feeling Very Pleasure"

OUR JAPANESE ARTIST'S FORECAST OF THE HOLIDAY ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH



9 o'clock.—He bring flower she, and he invited to she goes to Heath
11 o'clock.—Many people going to Heath, so car crowded
2.30 o'clock.—Heath getting many people, everybody feeling very pleasure
3.30 o'clock.—Suddenly sun hide: the god of thunder very angry, so many rain and the flash of lightning and terrible noise, so people great confusion
4.40 o'clock.—But it is short time, the sun very laugh about people very wet, clothes very stick, walk very difficult

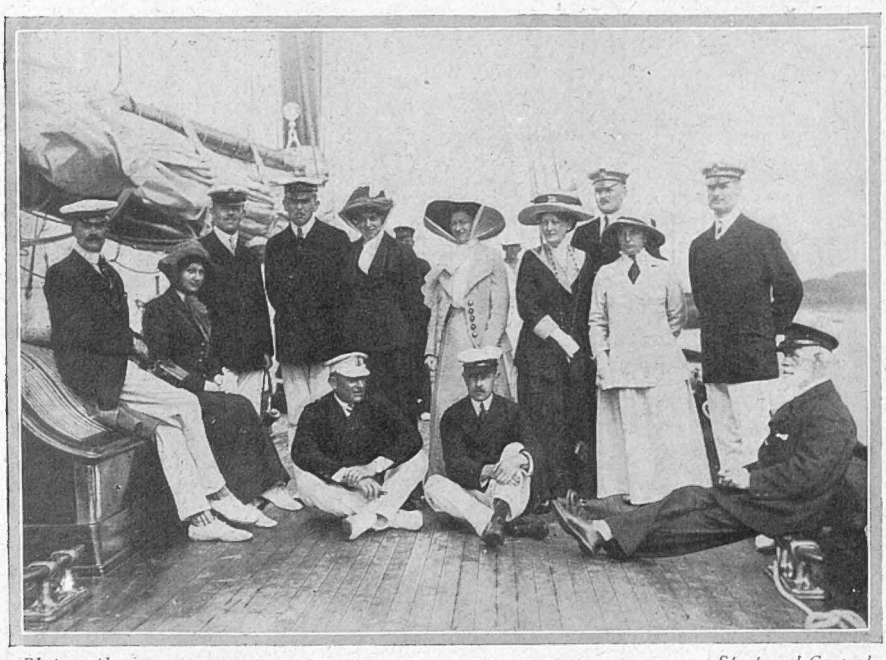
[*The titles to the drawings as well as their arrangement are Mr. R. Arai's own unaided and uncorrected work.*—ED.]

gun and catch with a rod. And then there is the scenery, of course, though this, I understand, isn't "worried about" by the Really Best, who take such matters in their stride, so to speak, but which, with its heather and gorse, its deep lochs and green valleys, its symphonies of purple and gold and blue by day and violet and grey and silver by night, combines to present surely the loveliest autumn country in all the world.

American Tenants

Some of the biggest Scottish places are let this year, as usual, to American tenants, the only ones, I suppose, not only anxious, but able, to pay "fancy" prices. The W. K. Vanderbilts have Beaufort Castle, Lord Lovat's place; Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin have Balmacaan, Lady Seafield's estate; Mrs. David Beatty, as usual, leases the Farquharson stronghold, Invercauld; Tulloch Castle has again been taken by the rich Mrs. Smith, sister of Mrs. Drexel; and Dunkeld, the seat of the Atholls, is this year rented by Howard Gould, the multi-millionaire who some years ago won Lord Dunraven's Challenge Cup with his yacht *Niagara*.

Photograph] **The Viscountess Gort's House-Party at East Cowes Castle for the Regatta** [*Topical*
Three ladies seated on the ground: Miss Violet Vereker (*left*), Hon. Edith Littleton (*centre*), and Lady Winifred Gore (*right*). *Ladies seated on chairs (left to right):* Hon. Mrs. Prideaux-Brune, (*standing*), Viscountess Gort, Eleanor Viscountess Gort, Lady Beauchamp, Miss Prideaux-Brune. *Gents (left to right) standing:* Col. C. R. Prideaux-Brune (*seated*), Mr. Wingfield, Sir Edward Beauchamp, The Earl of Dundonald, Col. Benson, Mr. R. J. V. Astell, Mr. More, Mr. Knott, and Lord Hatherton



Photograph *Sport and General*

Guests Aboard the German Emperor's Meteor at Cowes

Including Prince Lichenstein, Miss Burn, Lady Eileen Browne, Princess Lichenstein, Marchioness of Ormonde, Baron Reidesel, Lady Constance Butler, Captain Rehn, and Admiral Eissendicher

At Harrogate

Since the Continental "cure" ceased to be an absolutely indispensable item on every *mondaine's* programme, it is really remarkable how Harrogate has come to the fore. King Manoel was there last week, also Princess Victoria, and among those busy curing there are, or have been, Lords Derby, Zeltand, Enniskillen, Bessborough, Barrymore, and de Freyne; several Greek Royalties; Lady Bradford, a constant attendant on the Queen; Lady de Clifford, the baby baron's mother; Lord and Lady George Nevill, and Lady Evelyn James.

Our Parliamentary Competition

The winner of the Straker-Squire motor-car for the best forecast of speeches made and votes cast by individual Members in the Session of 1911 will be announced as soon as possible after the adjournment of the House. A special staff is already at work preparing the fateful tables.

Cowes

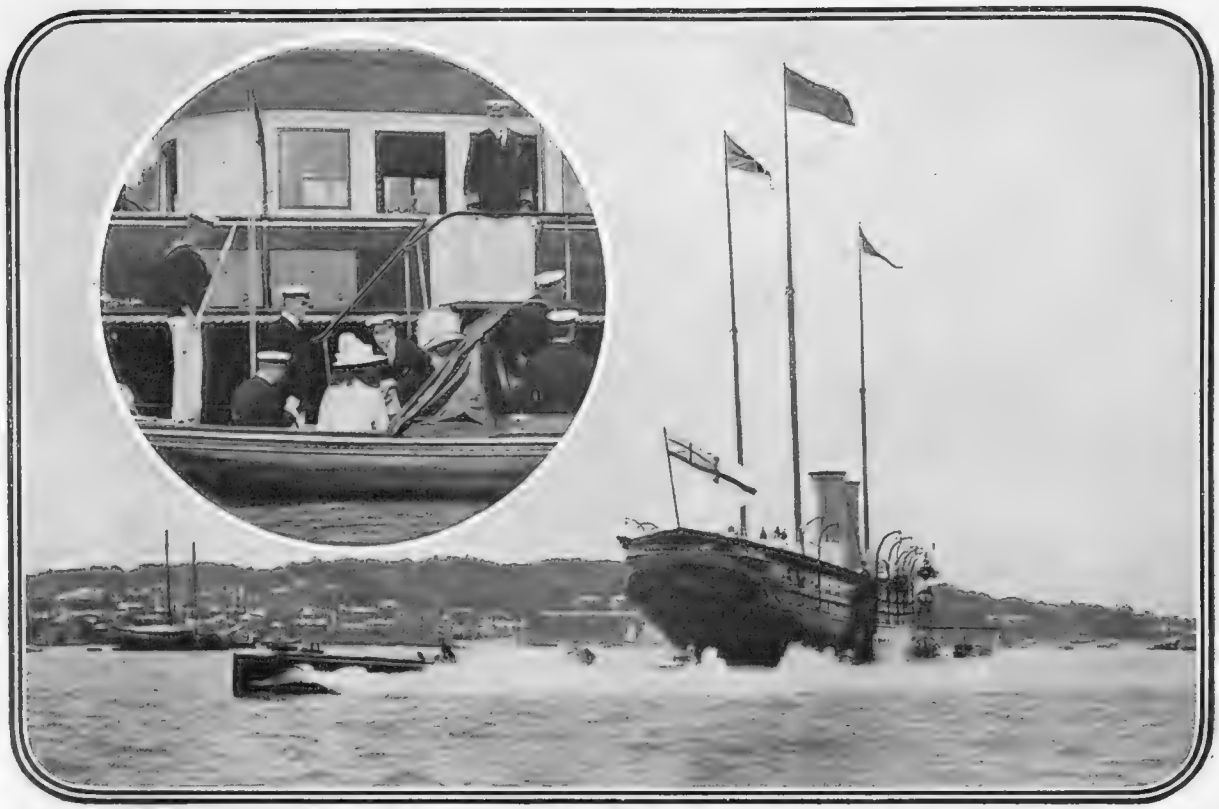
This year's Cowes, like all the rest of the functions of this wonderful summer, scored yet another social "record." Not for years have so many yachts, large and small, anchored outside the little huddle of quaint houses that is Cowes, nor have so many people watched them; while a positive *posse* of Royalties included, besides their Britannic Majesties, the King and Queen of Spain, Princess Beatrice, the Empress Eugénie, and Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia.

On the Royal Yacht

Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, the Marquis de Soveral, Lady Mary Trefusis, Sir Harry Legge, the very-soon-retiring Lord Knollys,

The Royal Holiday in the Solent

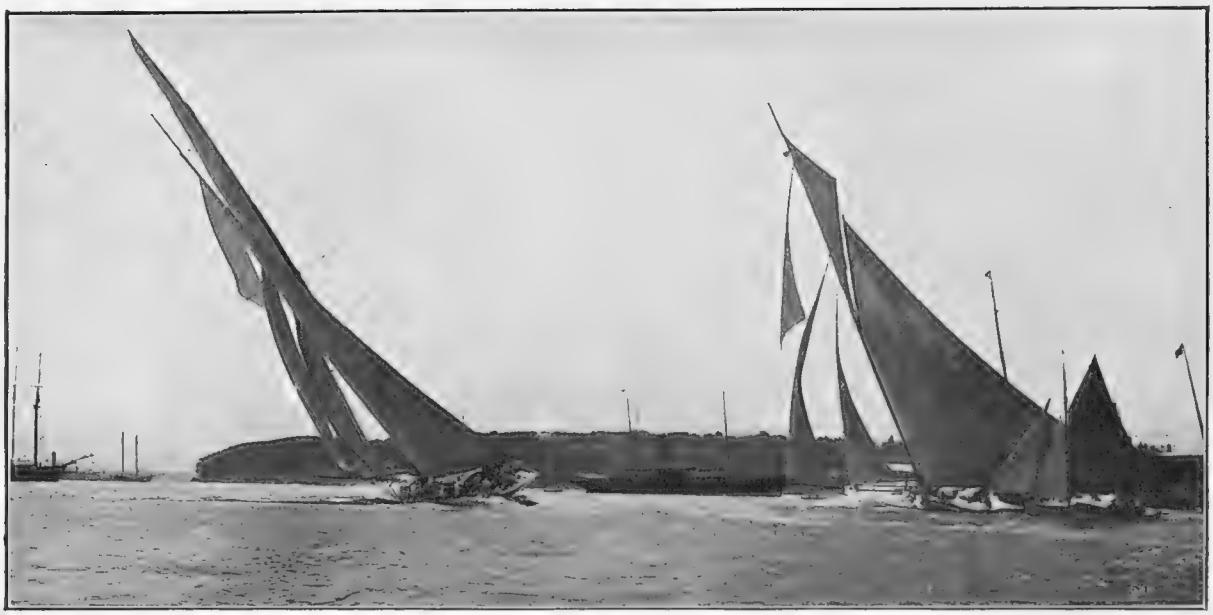
THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITS HIS NEW HOME, H.M.S. "HINDUSTAN"



THE KING, ON THE STERN OF THE ROYAL YACHT AT COWES, WATCHING MOTOR-BOATS. INSET IS A PICTURE OF THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS MARY, LEAVING H.M.S. "HINDUSTAN"

Photographs] SHIPMATES OF THE PRINCE OF WALES: SEAMEN OF THE "HINDUSTAN" [*Silk*

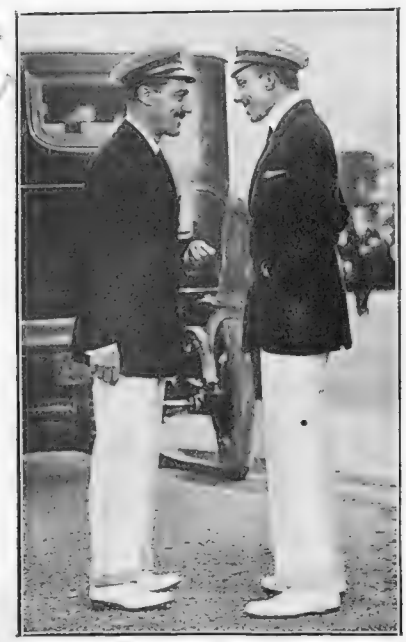
During their visit to the Solent their Majesties, with the Prince of Wales, visited the "Hindustan," the battleship to which the latter has been appointed. The Prince's interest was very keen, and he delighted in showing his parents and sister the quarters allocated to him, and explaining what his duties would be. Several of his future messmates were presented to the Prince



Mr. Cecil Whitaker's Schooner "Waterwitch" Leading Mr. Myles B. Kennedy's Cutter "White Heather II." in the First Race at Cowes

The *Waterwitch* is a new schooner, with beautiful lines and a rare turn of speed. She finished third in this race to the German Emperor's *Meteor* and *White Heather II.*, but in the contest for the King's Cup on the second day was placed second to *Julnar*, with *Meteor* third

and Major Wigram bore their Majesties company on the yacht throughout the week. Except when the King, with the Duke of Connaught and King Alfonso, dined at the Royal Squadron, there were dinner-parties on board every night, some of the guests commanded thereto including Lord and Lady Londonderry (who came with their hostess, Lady Ormonde), the Duke of Leeds, Prince Henry of Prussia, and Lord Iveagh, whose



The King of Spain with a Friend at Cowes

His Majesty was at the helm of his fine cutter, *Hispania*, on the first day, gaining second place in the 15-metre race

guests were Lord Kitchener, Sir Derek Keppel, and Count Metternich, and, of course, the Osborne Cottage party.

Some of the Yachts

Lord Anglesey's *Semiramis* (late *Marguerita*, built with the Drexel millions) and the *Albion* (once Sir George Newnes's, now Mr. Loeffler's) were, I suppose, the two largest yachts afloat. Well-known craft that even the crowd on shore picks out delightedly with its glasses or the mere naked eye included Sir Thomas Lipton's *Erin*, Lord Brassey's *Sunbeam*, Lord Ormonde's *Mirage*, and the King of Spain's *Giralda;* while of the racing craft first in interest were the King of Spain's three schooners (which he raced himself), the Kaiser's *Meteor*, Mr. Kennedy's *White Heather*, and Mr. Whitaker's *Waterwitch*.

—And Frocks

Severe simplicity is, of course, the law about frocks at Cowes, and the thing is to look as nautical, also bright and breezy, as you can, even if you never set foot on a yacht throughout the week. The style is well suited to the quite young, or pretty, or even *chic*, and may, of course, be worn by Royalty with impunity. But oh! if *only* one or two great ladies of a certain age could have seen themselves last week as others saw them! One *almost* regretted the death of the "mantle," and *quite* the demise of the bonnet!

In the Town

Or, rather, in the funny, narrow, little street that is the best Cowes can do in this line, I noticed several new and distinctly smart-looking shops, opened, it seemed to me, rather in affectionate and hopeful remembrance of the King of Spain's exploits in a milliner's establishment last year than in any certainty of very much custom. And on all sides was delight expressed at there having been no Bank Holiday in this year's Cowes, the classes thus being spared for once the too avid glances of the swarming masses, who, on this particular occasion, generally go in for a positive debauch of Society

Prince Henry of Prussia at Cowes

The Kaiser's brother, who has made himself so popular in England recently, keenly enjoyed the splendid sport in the Solent last week

star-gazing and drink down in gulps their annual spectacle of what I think Mr. Courtney calls "the audacious diversions of high life."

Foiling the Photographers

GENERAL ADOPTION OF THE ANTI-CAMERA VEIL AT COWES

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE

(Note the effect of the fashionable veil in distorting the ladies' features)

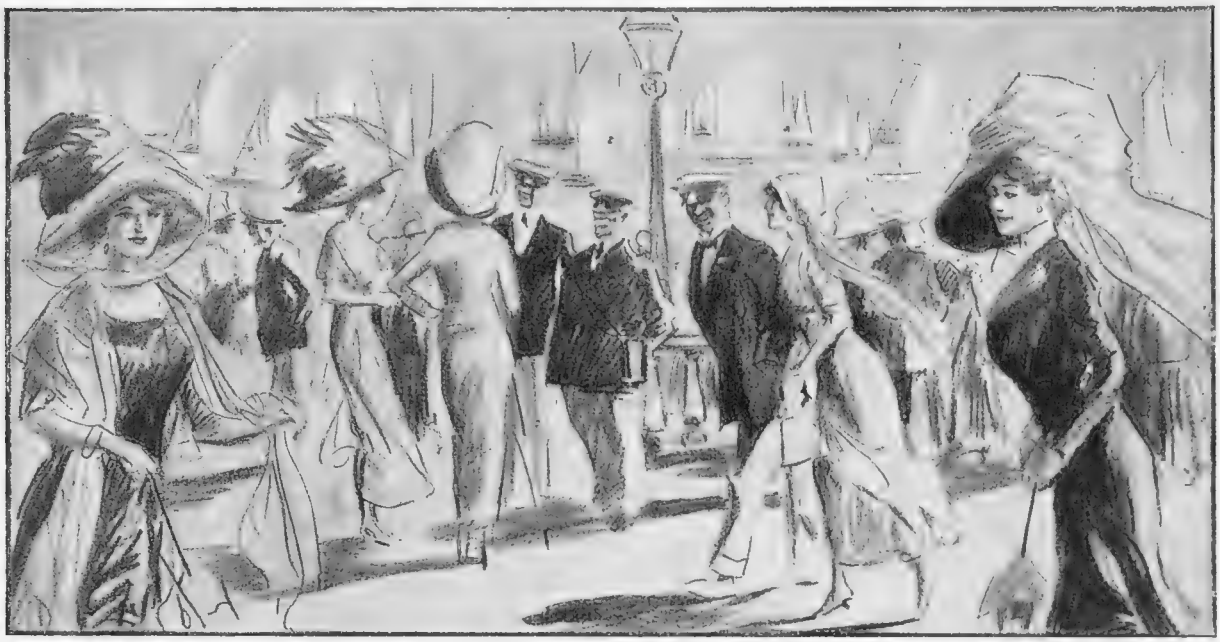
THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE

THE HON. ERNEST AND MRS. GUINNESS

Ladies who object to being snapshotted may find shelter behind the mask-like and extremely ugly veil of the moment. Quite a number of these veils were in evidence at Cowes, and after the Queen of Spain wore one on the first day their number was legion for the rest of the week. Certainly they achieve the result of making the wearers practically unrecognisable, and confounding the efforts of the patient camera man, but it would be difficult to defend them on any other score. How far are we from the adoption of the yashmak?

COMMENTS ON COWES

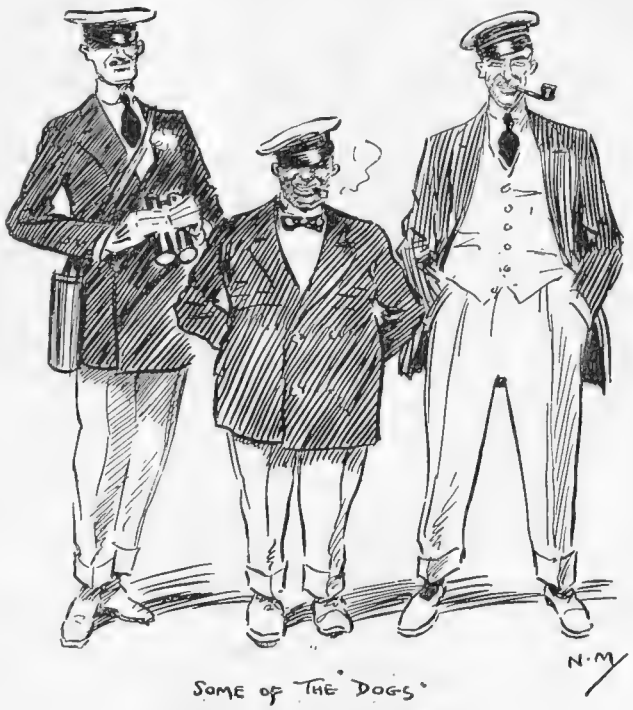
BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW



An Impression at Cowes: Drawn during the Heat-Wave by Norman Morrow

I AM not by nature a yachtsman, or, indeed, any kind of seaman, and when the Editor asked me to proceed to Cowes I felt very much like a trombone-player who has been suddenly called upon to give a violin solo. I know so little of nautical matters that I should not be able to keelhaul the mainbrace without expert assistance; and I could not even shiver my timbers without being shown how to do it by someone who knew. I had an idea that the correct attire for Cowes would be white ducks, a navy-blue reefer coat, and a white yachting cap; but I did not have the courage to assume such a fearful responsibility. While I was parading the front in this picturesque attire somebody would have come up to me and said that the cutter to leeward had got her jib-boom topmasted, or something of that sort, and I should have been reduced to the reply of "How sweet!" or some other inconsequential banality. I did once overhear a fragment of conversation about a ship's stays being too tight; but I at once moved away, as I am nothing if not extremely correct. One of the first impressions that I got of Cowes front is that it is a great market for toys and mascots. At almost every turn I ran into a merchant who danced before my eyes an evil-looking figure of the Billiken type with a wobbly head, or held up a large spider quivering at the end of a long piece of elastic. After looking at these things for an hour or two you feel like hurrying away and signing the pledge, and promising to lead a better life for the future.

It is a happy coincidence that the most successful meeting that Cowes has ever known should have taken place in Coronation year. An old gentleman who seemed to know what he was talking about assured me that he had never seen so many yachts anchored off Cowes at one time; and I will admit that the number seemed to me to be very considerable. Indeed, it occurred to me at one time that if a foreign invader had come up at the moment, the men-of-war would not be able to get near the shore for the yachts and motor-boats which practically filled all the available space in the water. Amid all the dainty white craft, with their delicate outlines, the Royal yacht seemed quite funereal in its sombre hue of black; while the sullen ironclads



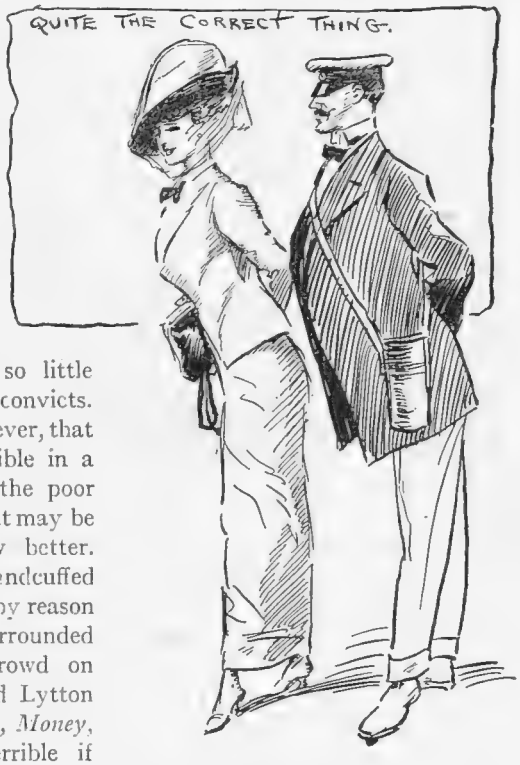
SOME OF THE DOGS.

Sketched at Cowes by Norman Morrow

hovering in the vicinity looked as much as anything like skeletons at the feast. Apart from this, the kaleidoscopic effects of moving

colour were really beautiful; and at one time I felt a tremendous ambition to have a yacht of my own. But even while I entertained the ambition I recalled the fate of a man I once knew who spent twenty good years of his life in becoming rich enough to own a yacht, and regretted it ever afterwards. He went for a jolly sail in his new possession only once, and it took him a week afterwards to get back to his normal habit of walking along the street in a straight line. He is now buying shares in the Channel Tunnel Company instead, and is writing a book to prove that the sea is an offensive anachronism, and ought to be done away with.

I went from Southampton to Cowes by a boat which is, I understand, in the Royal Mail service. I do not know what age the vessel might have been; but I should have thought there would have been a call for something more modern in the way of service between the Isle of Wight and the mainland. We took as long coming back as it takes to get from Dover to Calais by a turbine steamer. Another point I noted was the presence on board of an immense number of elderly ladies of generous proportions—but, of course, I do not blame the steamboat company for that. It is, no doubt, due to the healthy climate. Only whenever you happened to be standing in a narrow gangway, as sure as anything one of those old ladies would come along and want to pass you, and for a bashful man like myself the situation was extremely embarrassing. The boats are used by all sorts and conditions of men. One of our passengers had the disadvantage of being a convict. He was there in his dismal khaki between two warders, and it did not seem fair to him or to the passengers that such a public display should have been made of his trouble. Personally, I was rather interested in the scene, as I have so little opportunity of mixing with convicts. I should have thought, however, that it would have been possible in a public place to disguise the poor fellow's condition—though it may be that the authorities know better. The contrast of the handcuffed convict was all the greater by reason of the fact that he was surrounded by a joyous, laughing crowd on pleasure bent, and as Lord Lytton said in his Coronation play, *Money*, hell would not be so terrible if heaven were not so near.



The sport of yacht-racing—(Glad you've got back to it at last.—Ed.)—has, no doubt, its value in fostering the gentle art of navigation, but to the uninstructed layman it seems a strange anachronism in these hustling times. Yachts, with all their modern scientific improvements, are based on the principles of navigation of a couple of thousand years ago; whereas the motor-boat is more representative of the time. One of the most fascinating sights at Cowes is that of the motor-launch burrowing its way through the water at high speed, though, as an enthusiastic yachtsman was careful to assure me, the motorist is very glad to come back to sails or oars when his machinery breaks down.

Having now given a complete and comprehensive account of Cowes and its yachting races past and present, and a general survey of navigation in the future, I will resume my seat.

Sketches at Cowes by Norman Morrow

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT is instructive at times to pause and ask ourselves the question, What next? What will the inhabitants of Great Britain—to take a concrete example—be doing next August Bank Holiday?

* * *

Presumably they will be flying—to Southend or Margate, or one of those places—in an excursion aeroplane, at a preposterously cheap return fare (children half-price). What a romp they will have on the beach when they get there, and what a nuisance it will be having to start back at 11.30 p.m., nineteen in a monoplane built for twelve, all eating oranges and the babies crying bitterly.

* * *

Lord Northcliffe has declared that the great air-race has fixed the monoplane as the type of the future flying-machine, but this does not, of course, mean that the thing is actually Cody-fied.

* * *

The chief difficulty in the way of the excursion aeroplane which we have just pictured is the ease with which the propellers can be put out of order by anything coming into contact with them when they are revolving at great speed. At present it almost looks as though anything was calculated to put the propellers out of order, and, frankly, one does not see how, in the excursion aeroplane, passengers are to throw superfluous orange-peel and the heads and tails of shrimps out of the window without seriously endangering the lives of all.

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

The Worthing Belles

Out for their morning promenade in their latest millinery creations, specially designed for the warm weather

* * *

Also, if one of the little ones falls out of the door (I suppose there will be a door to the aeroplane of the future), what a nasty shock the propellers might get. Thank goodness, there will be an Insurance Bill by then.

* * *

In spite of Lord Northcliffe's assertion that the future ype of air-machine is the monoplane, there still seems a chance for the dirigible balloon. The Army airship, "Gamma," is stated to have flown recently for three hours at a stretch, and it may be that "Omega"—when built and properly manned—will show herself capable of doing four hours and more.

Divorce is usually thought to be encouraged in the United States, but nothing, of course, can be further from the truth. An American judge has even gone so far lately as to invite three well-known ladies to sit on the bench with him and help decide a case, with the result that many people have decided that they would rather remain married.

* * *

West Ham Councillors have given themselves permission to travel on tramways within the West Ham area free of charge. The chance of meeting one of these hearty philanthropists on almost any tram should attract a great many passengers who would otherwise choose some other method of conveyance.

* * *

A Cambridge Professor, speaking at the Universal Races Congress, declared that he had often been profoundly impressed by the spirituality of the savage mind. I do not know what examples he brought forward, but an obvious one is that of the cannibal who believes that by eating the heart of a conquered foe he adds considerably to his own valour.

* * *

Poets and novelists have often enough spoken of "silken tresses" with admiration, and now the *Hairdressers' Gazette* comes forward with the statement that the best new hair is made from silk, which, apparently, not only lasts well, but takes a very natural curl. This is not the first time that poets and novelists have proved themselves very accurate observers.

* * *

The leopard cannot change its spots, but many people are of opinion that it would be most diplomatic of the Kaiser if he would order the *Panther* to change its spot.

* * *

Germany's comparative climb-down in the Morocco business has been attributed largely to Mr. Lloyd George's speech, but the thing has really been a triumph for Lord Haldane. The German spies with which this country is permeated have undoubtedly informed their superiors that the Territorials were out in camp, and any forward policy would in consequence be ill-timed.

Wait and Smile!

MOROCCO'S RÔLE IN THE DIPLOMATIC DRAMA

Morocco

First Moor: "Hast heard, brother, that the treacherous Europeans bargain for our country? Is it to be borne?"
Second Moor (seated): "Wait and smile, my brother. The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief"

(Photographed on the outskirts of Tangier by Horace Nicholls)

OUR CELEBRITIES' DAY OFF

HOW AND WHERE THEY SPENT BANK HOLIDAY

Mr. F. E. Smith.—At Ditchingham. Spent very happy day gathering pansies (for thoughts), rue (with a difference), and gay sprigs of hemlock. Created pleasurable sensation by presenting small boy in village High Street with a shilling to buy himself a knife and fork.

Beaumont, the Aviator.—At Brooklands (under the impression that it was El Dorado). Successfully avoided feminine embraces, but was congratulated by John Burns (whom he mistook for Burne-Jones). Returned thanks to British financier who paid French naval officer for learning the aerial navigation of Britain. Thinks English madder than ever.

Mr. Lloyd George.—At Battle Abbey. Took part in Boy Scout field day, and came to the conclusion that war wasn't half bad. Burnt his fingers at camp fire, and decided to insure military cooks at expense of employers. First learnt real meaning of military phrase, "Right about face."

Kaiser Wilhelm.—At The Hague (in case a Peace Conference should happen). Spent profitable day with secretaries, who explained carefully to him how many beans made five, and that black was not white. Decorated aide-de-camp who reminded him of the second beatitude, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land."

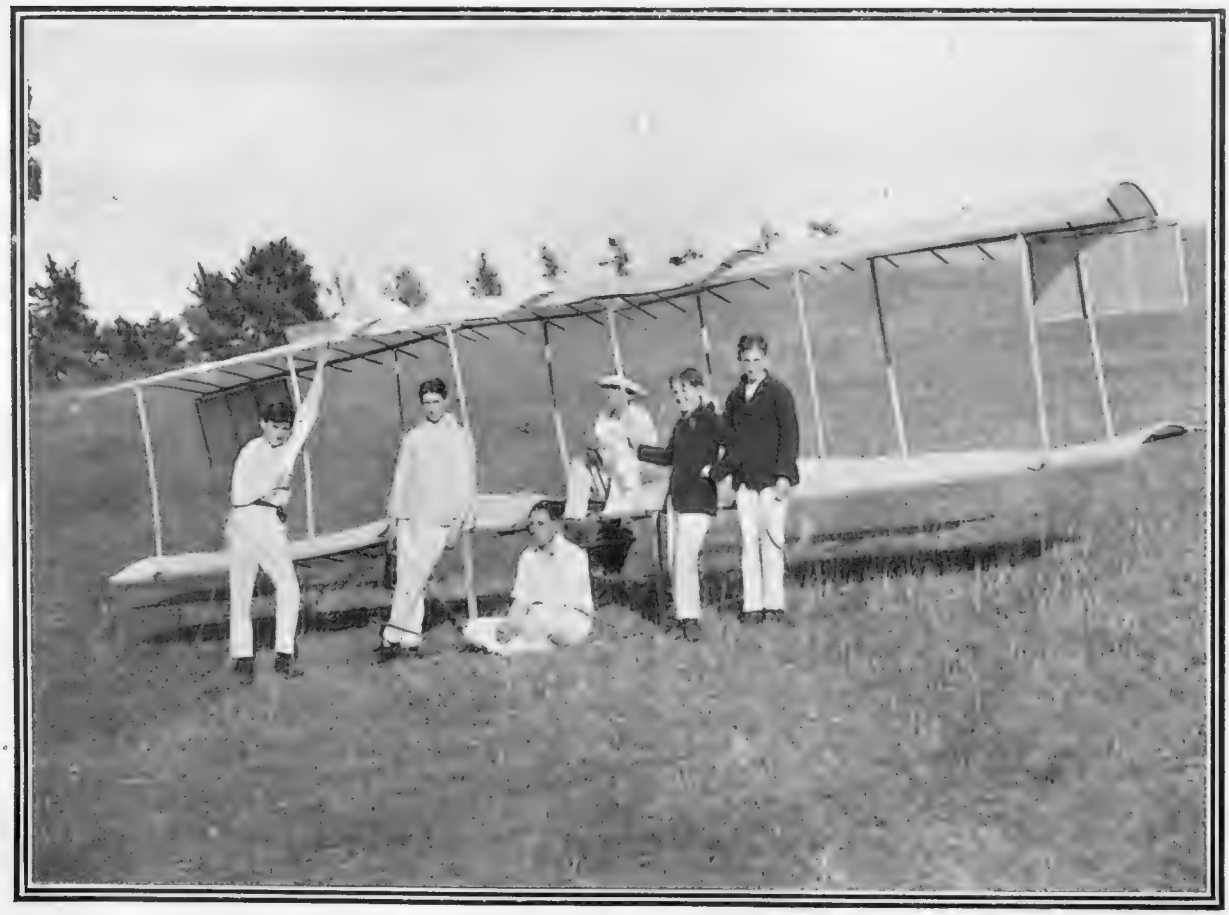
Mr. Masterman.—At Newseat (N.B.). Experienced painful sensation that half the inhabitants didn't know and didn't want to know him. His grumbles charitably attributed by the locals to the approaching opening of the grouse season.

Mr. Balfour.—At St. Helena. Wrote first few chapters of his autobiography, "From Salisbury to Halsbury." Set out to visit Napoleon's grave, but muffed the approach shot. Was heard at night singing to his own viol accompaniment, "Put me on an island where the Smiths are few."

Mr. Garvin.—At Hurlingham. Spent day in amazement reading his own articles. Prepared startlers for next Sunday, "Is Lloyd George a Jingo?" "The Empire Under Austen," "A Barony for Belloc?" and "Beware of the Brass-Founders' Union."

Mr. Asquith.—On the South Coast—looking for piers. Winston in attendance with barrel of blue blood and syringes for injections. Unfortunately, both arrested for hawking without a licence. Released on proof that goods had found no purchasers.

Lord Lansdowne.—Near the New Cut. Having decided to vote against his own amendments, put in congenial holiday playing billiards against himself. Won each game, and is now prepared to give points to Lord Willoughby de Break.



FLYING AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL: A CHARTERHOUSE BOY'S INVENTION

This "Glider" was designed and constructed in its entirety by Mr. G. T. Cooper, a Charterhouse boy, who claims that it is the first flying-machine made at a Public School. It has already flown successfully. Doubtless we shall soon have Flying Companies of the Officers Training Corps established. Lord Haldane must keep his eye on this Charterhouse experiment

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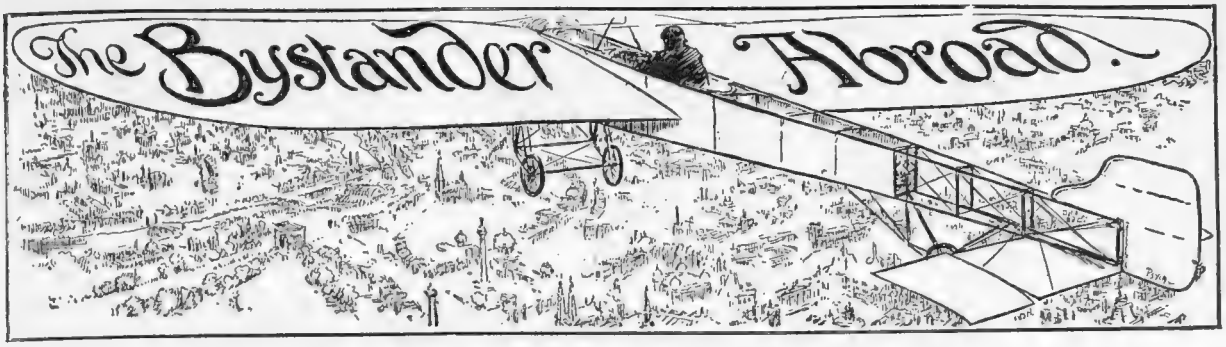


THE HEAT-WAVE IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL

Paris in the Tropics

What a curious week this has been in Paris! What heat! And what an unpleasant political atmosphere! We have been waiting for the predicted storms to clear the air, and war with Germany to put the Moroccan tangle straight. We are waiting still, and nothing happens. One has not even the energy to think, far less to take a decision. "Paris is bad enough," say the travellers *en route* for Switzerland, "but it may be worse elsewhere," so they are waiting here till cooler weather makes it possible for them to continue their journey. The tourists, too, who are here to see the sights are obliged to adopt tropical methods and stay indoors with the blinds down and the shutters closed until evening. It is certainly too hot to walk, so "taxis" are much in demand. The chauffeurs only respond to the call of the persons who appear likely to tip them well, and some people err on the safe side by tipping in advance. Those of us who are not lucky enough to appear opulent have to patronise the little horse *fiacres*, with lamentable results. The driver mops his face vigorously as you take your seat; then with great difficulty he sets his horse going at a snail's pace for 100 yards; then he stops. "My poor horse is exhausted with this terrible heat," he says; "he can go no further. Give me a small indemnity, please, and take another cab." You can scarcely give him less than 50c. for his trouble, and you feel sorry for him—only, if you wait long enough, you will see him "taking in" another passenger.

Dainty Doris Dips

Miss Doris Lytton, who achieved such a success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre last winter in *Inconstant George*, is seen on the right enjoying a bathe at St. Jacut-de-la-Mer, Côtes du Nord, a French Breton department washed by the English Channel

Water Popular!

There is a current impression in England that French people are afraid of water. I wish those people were in Paris this week. Here there are lines and lines of people waiting in the sun to get a little relief from the heat by a dip in the Seine. These baths are always fairly well patronised in summer, but the sight of these rows of people waiting, as they never waited for the most popular pieces at the theatre, is not easily forgotten.

Shady Holes

If you drive into the Bois or the Champs Elysées, on the seats in the hollow portions round the foot of the trees, people are sleeping, worn out by the heat. The rich will tell you they are too hot to sleep, but the poor man asks for nothing better, and at the risk of losing his work he leaves his horse to bolt or sleep as it pleases, whilst he himself crawls into the shadiest hole he can find and forgets the heat.

An Ice Famine

The Paris hotel-keepers are not having an easy time just now. "No ice in Paris," exclaims the American lady; "why I simply can't believe it. What a curious country! Why, when we ring our bells at home the maid knows without being told we require ice. Here they bring you *eau chaud*. I'd like to know what good that is to drink." But a far more serious matter is the departure of the waiters. From many of the biggest establishments the German reservist waiters have been called home, regardless of the consequences to their employers.

Lantelme

During the first part of the week no one seemed to take the Morocco business very seriously. The tragic death of the popular stage favourite, Mlle. Lantelme, however, caused a universal sensation. She was not only a very clever actress, but a queen of fashion, whose clothes smart Americans copied and took back to America, where other smart Americans copied them. Smart Frenchwomen also copied her clothes, and copied her jewels, which were the finest in Paris; they had themselves photographed *à la* Lantelme; they envied her popularity, her motors, her carriages, her yacht—everything but the millionaire husband—who plays a very curious rôle in an exceedingly unpleasant tragedy.

The Bystander in Berlin

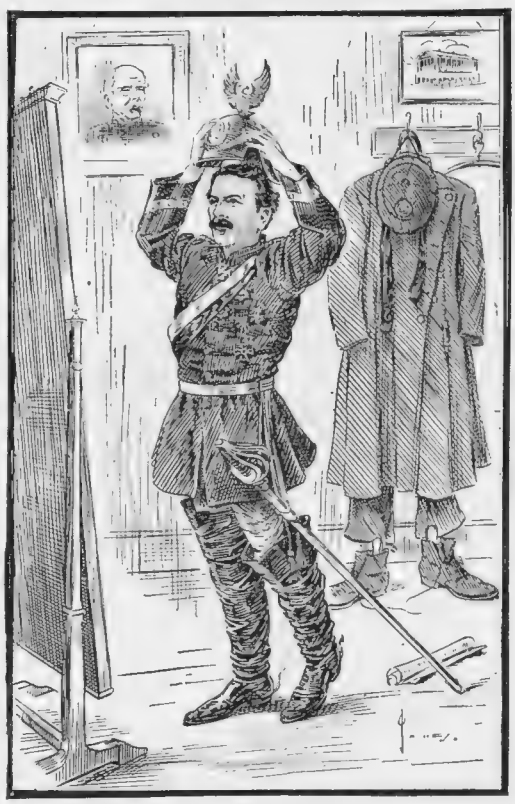
GERMANY'S WISE AND STRONG STATES-SECRETARY

A Strong Man

The most troubled personage in all broad Germany to-day is Herr Privy Councillor Alfred von Kiderlen-Waechter, States-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter is an amusing example of the perils of being a strong man in a country where "Nationalists" and "Pan-Germans" express the only effective public opinion in foreign policy matters. It is Herr Kiderlen-Waechter's misfortune, and by no means his fault, that he to-day appears as an international freebooter. Far from being a freebooter, he is not even a Bismarck; and the whole trouble is due to that overwhelming fact.

The Pan-German Demand

From the day he came from Bucharest to replace the "weak" von Schoen, now Paris Ambassador, Herr von Kiderlen (who is "Waechter," which means "Look-Out-Man," only maternally) has been cursed by the necessity of doing something to prove incontestably his strength. Those who made him—the Pan-Germans — demanded it. Being foolish politicians, they were not satisfied with his Potsdam Agreement, though that was a real triumph and a death-blow to Anglo-French illusions. Potsdam did not content them, because Potsdam was bargaining, and they wanted show. Agadir promised to be show; and when the *Panther* arrived there, noisy admirers declared that Kiderlen-Waechter was at last earning his gratuitous renown.



The New Iron Chancellor

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: "Fits me a bit loosely, it's true, but one isn't expected to run away in these"

(Mr. George's recent warlike speech at the Mansion House sounded strangely in the ears of those who regarded him as a peace-at-any-price politician)

Moderation Recommended

Ever since then Kiderlen-Waechter has been in trouble. He is at heart a sensible diplomat, who realises that Germany's compensation claims are somewhat thin; and at first he desired to be reasonable, or, at least, unreasonable enough only to justify his reputation for strength. He reasoned that the wise thing was to take compensation outside Morocco, and to take it moderately. Compensation in Morocco must, he saw, include a port; and that meant trouble with England. The first idea of the States-Secretary was, therefore, to get a not extravagant slice of French West African territory.

Morocco or Nothing

But being a wise man as well as a strong man, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter did not forget his watchful Pan-German friends. How would they take it? To solve this problem, he published a *ballon d'essai* article in the *Koelnische Zeitung*, pointing out that compensation need not necessarily be in Morocco. "We are betrayed" was the immediate Pan-German retort. No compensation outside Morocco, however vast, was sufficient compensation, they added. Morocco or nothing. If Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter planned otherwise he was not a strong man at all.

The Secret of the Demands

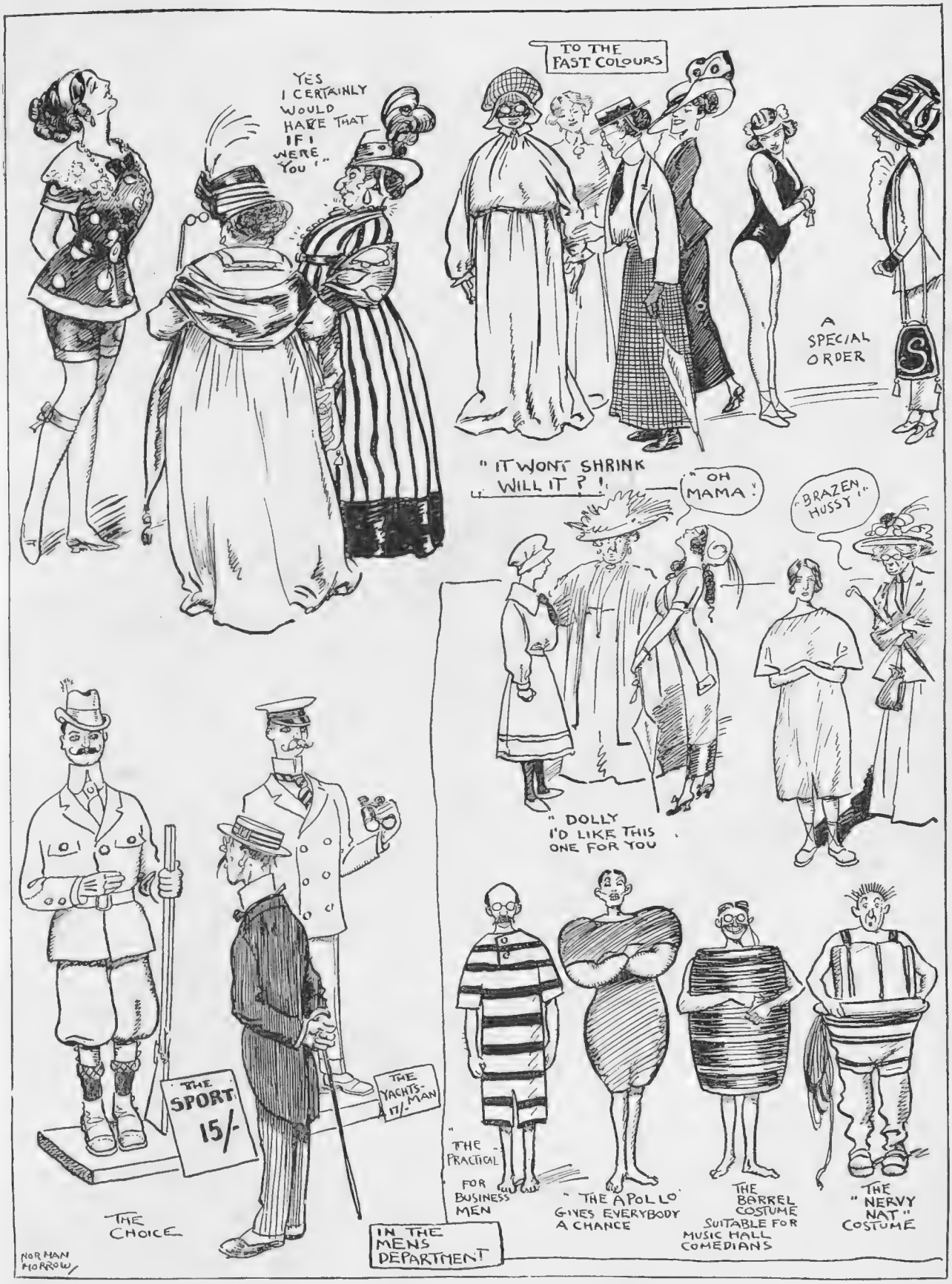
The Foreign Office was very displeased at this unexpected outcry, and the States-Secretary saw himself before the painful alternatives either of asking compensation in Morocco, and so risking international trouble, or abandoning for ever his reputation as strong man. His present action is a clever attempt to escape the alternatives. By sticking to the original project to claim territorial compensation in West Africa, he avoids the danger of a claim in Morocco; and by raising this West African claim to an extravagant extent he hopes to compensate the Pan-Germans for the loss of Morocco, and to convince them that they are wrong in their apprehensions that he is not a strong man. That is the inner reasons why the monstrous claims of the German Foreign Office are exciting Europe to-day.

The Troubles of the Strong

On Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter's part it is an extremely skilful compromise. But it is by no means certain that either of the two assumptions on which it is based will prove correct. Firstly, it is doubtful whether the Pan-Germans will content themselves with West African compensation, however great. Secondly, the indication of anger in England threatens Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter's argument that as long as he keeps out of Morocco itself he can do as he likes elsewhere without risking trouble. It is a profitless thing to be a strong man in this unappreciative world—except in the Sandow line.

As You Wear!

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MANNEQUIN FASHION IN LONDON SHOPS



An enterprising Oxford Street firm has set a fashion for employing mannequins to display the attraction of ladies' bathing costumes. Mr. Norman Morrow anticipates developments of the order depicted above

THAT BUSINESS GOVERNMENT

COMMON SENSE OR COMMON NONSENSE?

Fallacy That Sounds Like Fact

Stupid men think stupid things. Clever men sometimes say them without thinking them. When a clever man says a stupid thing and goes on saying it, if we know him to be a clever man, we wonder what is his motive. To take a concrete example. One of the stupidest things that has been said persistently of recent years is that, What this Country Wants is a Common-sense Business Government. The person responsible for the saying of it, by mouth and pen, in season and out, being one of the cleverest men of the day, does not, therefore, believe it. Why does he go on saying it? Probably because, like many other clever men, he has little belief in the cleverness of those to whom he speaks, and believes that if a fallacy sounds like a fact, and is voiced loudly enough, a clever man can fool his fellows with it as long as it suits him.

What Is Business?

A Business Government. What is it? Surely, first and foremost, a contradiction in terms. "Business is business" is an accepted doctrine of all nations. What does it mean? Simply that business—the process of buying and selling—is business, AND NOTHING ELSE. "We're here," says the huckster, "to make money, not for our health." "Oh, yes, yes, that's all very well; but is there any money in it?" and so on and so forth. Business is business, and let us not look outside it. But that is not government, the essential quality for which is that we *can* look outside everything.

Principle versus Profit

While the motive of Business is to bargain for monetary gain, the motive of government is, according to authority, to secure the greatest good of the greatest number. The mental training of a governor may, or may not, be benefited by a course of practical affairs, but his capacity for government is shown when he looks beyond them, into the intangible realm of abstract reason and right, and has the character to act according to principle and not profit. When the Business Government idea is explained in detail, it works out at this: That the men who control public offices shall be experts in the business of those offices. Thus, a sailor should be First Lord of the Admiralty, a soldier Minister of War, a banker Chancellor of the Exchequer, a tradesman President of the Board of Trade, a schoolmaster Minister of Education, and so on *ad infinitum*. We are told to trust to the man who understands the "business" of the nation.

The Baneful Specialist

The man is to be appointed to the office, mark you, not because of his general intellect and aptitude, but because of the precise direction in which he has applied his energies in the past. The question to the man is not to be, What are you, by God? but What have you been—by chance? A lawyer? Then a lawyer ever henceforth. A soldier? Then never turn your footsteps into the ways of peace. A financier? Well, there is the counting-house; lock yourself in. Now, is it not a fact that the expert, while he knows the business from within, generally does not know it from without? Trained to regard his speciality as the alpha and omega, what knows he of its place in the eternal scheme of things? If he were conscious of it, would he not be too big for it? Would he not try to fight his way out of it? And, under a Common-sense Business Government, he would be promptly kicked back into it—he, the very type of man who is needed for the Business which is called Government—that is, the control of men and nations, in which the one thing needful is ability to see the whole and not the part.

Bore ocracy

It is this type of man the possession of whom in the past has been the making of England and the British Empire—the cobbler who does *not* stick to his last. "I'm going to chuck this up," says young So and So of the City; he goes out and founds a colony. "What are you doing, B?" "Oh, I'm swotting for the Civil, but I want to run a newspaper and go into Parliament." "Why?" "I don't know, I feel it's *in* me!" It is the man who "feels it's in him" that England wants, no matter what it is he happens to be doing. Men are, in these days of congestion, forced to turn their hands to whatever is handy. It is their capacity to "chuck it up," at the psychological moment that makes, in the mass, a governing race. The Common-sense Business Government would strike at the very foundations of Imperial character. It would tell the young man never to hope to "get there" unless he starts on the straight path. It would rob the service of the State of the man of general intelligence, and govern only by the Council of Experts. It would be government by Dryasdust—a Bore-ocracy.

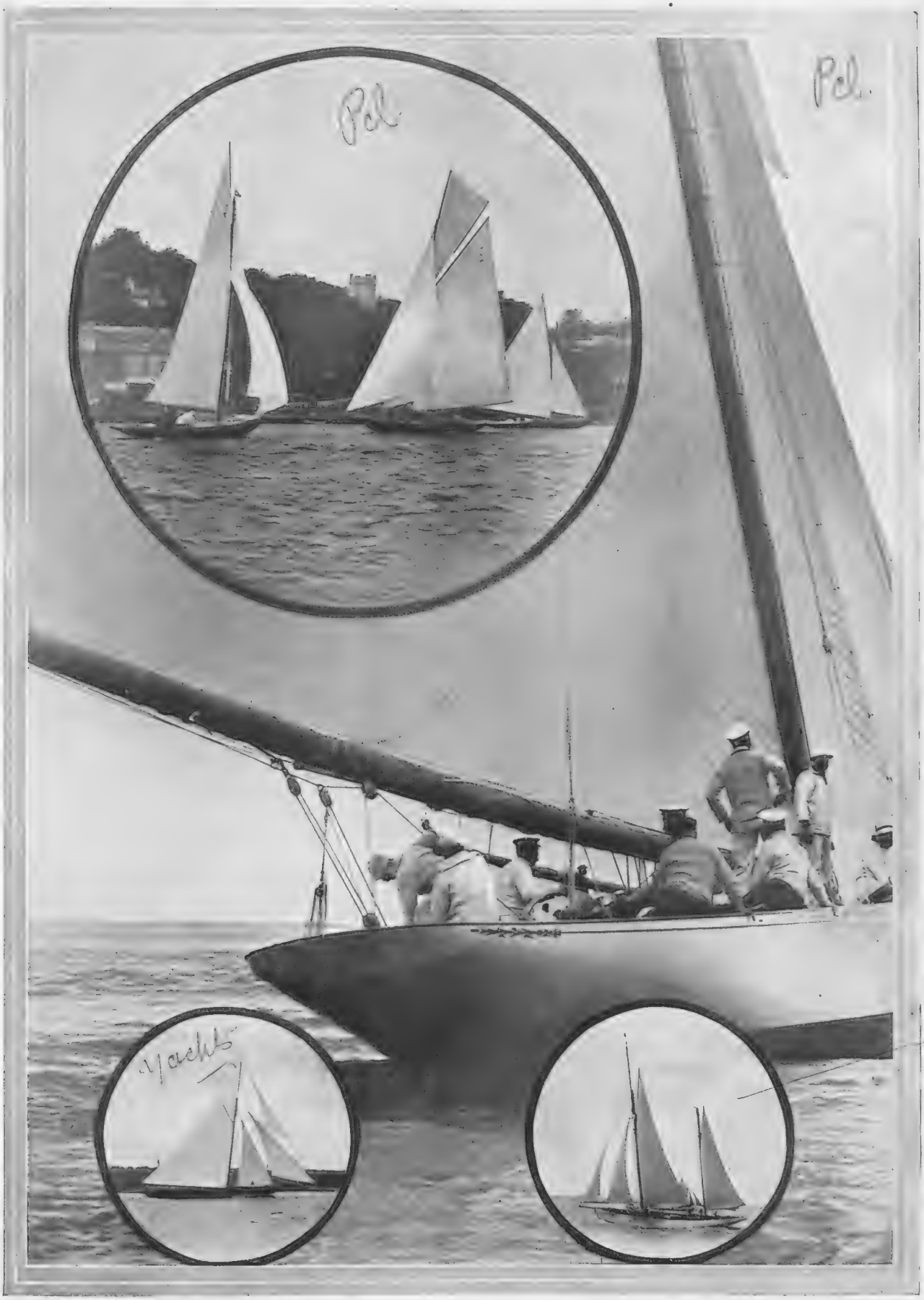
"Out of His Own Mouth"

But why proceed further? As said above, the man who puts the proposal forward is a clever man. *Ergo:* he does not believe it—by his own experience. In the paper he conducts, he claims to have been phenomenally successful as a financier after experience of journalism, into which, in turn, he "drifted" from law-reporting. From finance, he entered politics. The man who wants government to be conducted only by those "in the business" has proved, by his own career, that success may be gained in one thing after experience of another. If a journalist can become a Napoleon of Finance, why, in the name of heaven, should not a lawyer become Chancellor of the Exchequer, a schoolmaster War Minister, and a philosopher anything?

VIVIAN CARTER

A Memory of Cowes Week

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE SEA IN THE SOLENT



Photographs *Horace Nicholls*

MR G. C. LOMER'S "TRITONIA" BEATING UP FOR A START

Insets: (above) off the Royal Yacht Squadron Club-house; (below on left) the Marquis of Ailsa's famous "Bloodhound" (winner of fifteen prizes last year); and (below on right) the Earl of Dunraven's ketch, "Cariad"

The Baumer Girl En Vacance: Plu

Mr. Lewis Baumer has created a type of pretty English girl that is now as well known and as much admired as Mr. Dana Gibson's haughty American beauty. The charm of his women lies principally in the fact that, however

ughing for Sand-Eels at Pourville

elegant and fashionably clothed they may be, there is life and character in their dainty faces and figures. The delicate drawing above is like a puff of fresh air through an open window on a sultry day

DOES THE SEA SERPENT EXIST?

A SERIOUS ATTEMPT TO REVIVE A WORN-OUT SILLY SEASON TOPIC

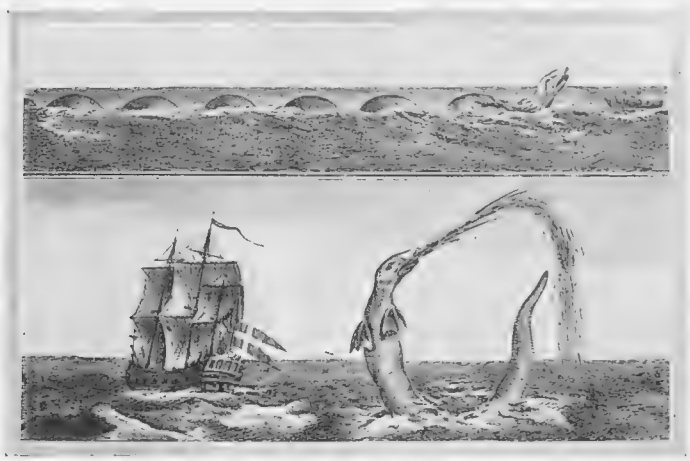
By F. G. AFLALO

THE association of the Sea Serpent with the "silly season" is due rather to that rooted disbelief in travellers' tales which Bacon accounted for, with his usual brevity, by the reflection that "there is nothing makes a man suspect more than to know little." The Sea Serpent has been unfortunate in its biographers; that is all. Those of us who have pried a little deeper into the dreadful mysteries of the ocean are able to keep more open minds than is possible to the fine contempt of critics whose sea lore is inhaled on Ramsgate Pier, and we are inspired with the certainty that if the lowermost radiolarian ooze could be uncovered for one absorbing hour to our curious eyes, the awful truth would be found so much worse than any fiction that we might devoutly wish that we had never peeped into Nature's Chamber of Horrors.

The "Dædalus" Sea Serpent
From the *Illustrated London News*, October 28, 1848

The Evidence is Only Negative

I want to put forward a modest plea for this dear reptile, the potential presence of which adds so immeasurably to the romance of the deep. After all, what is there to be said by anyone against the existence of sea serpents? Science, mark you, says nothing. It never assumes that such creatures do not exist. It merely adopts the academic mood of Mr. Asquith's "Wait and See." As I said above, there have, unfortunately, been so many hoaxes, so many clear cases of either wilful lying or heated imagination, of rows of dolphins or other perfectly natural phenomena wrongly described, that the popular belief in the real thing is shaken beyond recovery. But let us consider for a moment the enormous area and depth of the ocean, of which all the dredges of all the expeditions have reached only a spot here and there. Why should the absence of a huge and active reptile from the sum of their spoils be taken as conclusive evidence that such a monster is not?



Pontoppidan's Version of the Sea Serpent

The Weak Spot

The pity is that so many have pretended to see it. As a matter of fact, this dragon of the salt, if it exist at all, is in all probability an abysmal form, wholly unsuited to live at the surface, and it is this reptilian Jekyll and Hyde, as depicted by Olaus Magnus and the crew of the *Dædalus*, which has so prejudiced people against it. Thanks to the results of the *Challenger* expedition, we know that the fathomed depths harbour such dreadful creatures as pelican-fish, phosphorescent angler-fishes, blind lobsters, and other abnormal forms, all of them wonderfully adapted to existence under a pressure equivalent to many tons on the square inch. When brought suddenly to the surface by those who ravish the secrets of the deep, these creatures burst. If only mankind had left the Sea Serpent in peace amid its coral grottoes thousands of fathoms down, no one would raise any objection to its existence.

A Link with England

My own belief is that the dragon slain by St. George, the patron Saint of Merry England (it was Merry in his day anyway), was a sea serpent pure and simple, for I remember visiting a little Maronite chapel, just out of Beyrouth, erected on the spot at which the George of Cappadocia gave the monster its death thrust. As it is well known that the chase began at Haifa, a port only a few miles down the Syrian coast, what is more likely than that the Saint, if well mounted, galloped along the sands while the "dragon" swam up the shore, each keeping the other in sight! Indeed, the horselike head and satanic wings of the heraldic dragon lend some support to the descriptions furnished by Pontoppidan and others.

F. G. AFLALO

St. George and the Sea Serpent
Mr. Aflalo is convinced that our patron Saint killed not a dragon but a sea serpent

ROME 1911
International Art Exhibition

A CORNER OF THE GALLERIES, SHOWING PAINTINGS BY MANCINI AND OTHER PROMINENT MODERN ITALIAN PAINTERS

A QUESTION of first interest for the British public in any account of this year's art exhibition at Rome will be the place held there by British art; and here we are, happily, able to speak with no uncertain voice.

The British pavilion was ready in time for the opening day — a rare event in most exhibitions, and most rare in this of Rome. The building itself, finely placed upon an elevation in the Villa Borghese grounds, is dignified in design, being adapted by V. Lutyens from the motive of the lower *façade* of St. Paul's Cathedral; and, without disclosing official secrets, I may venture to say that it will almost certainly remain permanently. Last, but far from least, the impression thus given by the exterior is confirmed by the contents, noticeably so by the two first rooms, devoted to the art of deceased British masters from (roughly speaking) 1700 to 1900—that is, from Hogarth down to Millais and Orchardson.

The Pre-Raphaelites

I had the pleasure of conducting through these rooms some very critical Italians, among them the present Director of Fine Arts, and their delight and appreciation of our eighteenth-century masters—of Romney, Hoppner, and Raeburn in his noble portrait of "The Last Laird of Macnab," was delightful and contagious, and was manifested yet more strongly when we came to the superb wall in the room following, where a fine group of the pre-Raphaelites — Lewis, Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti—was crowned by Millais's great creation, absolutely Giorgionesque in colour and sentiment, of "Sir Isombras Crossing the Ford," a masterpiece which (painted, I believe, at twenty-six) he never excelled, and, indeed, one might say, never came near, in his later work.

"THE TOAST": BY ANTONIO MANCINI

This room of the pre-Raphaelites was, in fact, a revelation to many Italian visitors (and, no doubt, to others) of a school of British art whose existence they had scarcely suspected. The succeeding rooms of modern British painting are adequate and not academic, and the sculpture I consider as being crowded and badly arranged.

"A NIGHT ON THE BOIS DU BOULOGNE": BY CAMILLO INNOCENTI
(Now at the International Art Exhibition, Rome)

America's Success

Among the other nations, France and Germany did not really display their highest artistic possibilities; and America was, perhaps, best in one delightful wall covered by the work of a group of *plein-air* men—Frieseke, Miller, Benson, Childe Hassam, and others—a corner of real living sunlight which it was a joy to behold.

Servia announced herself as among the art nations by the masterful but startling efforts of her peasant sculptor, Ivan Mestrovié; and Austria gave us a priceless lesson in the admirably decorative treatment of her pavilion—everything, from the colour-scheme of the walls and the hanging of the pictures down to the very inkstand and chairs in the waiting-room being in one key of refined good taste.

I might pass appropriately from Austria to the pavilion of Hungary, where a series of brilliant painters—Csok, Ferenczy, and, above all, Szinyei—showed work full of character and originality; but in Italy one naturally expects to see something really representative of modern Italian art, and I will devote myself now to that exhibited at Rome in this year of national celebrations.

Two Personal Triumphs

It is a pleasure to record, as the one indisputable success in this section of the Rome Exhibition, that of the pictorial work of a personal friend and a fine craftsman, Antonio Mancini. This artist has long been known to the art public in Italy, has exhibited in our Royal Academy (1910), and I myself witnessed his success in the Venice Exhibition of 1909, when he shared the honours with that brilliant Swede, Anders Zonn; but at Rome this year he appeared at his best, with ample wall-space and a really fine selection of portraits, and his really marvellous qualities of colour and technique met with full appreciation both from critics and the public.

A Dead Englishman

A little room beside these portraits was devoted to the work of an Englishman, but Roman by birth and residence, Henry Coleman. Coleman left his art to speak for itself; this little room, filled with his exquisite water-colour studies of the Swiss mountains and that Roman Campagna which he loved and knew so well, is the best tribute to his memory — a memory only now, for he passed away but a few months ago. Like Coleman in his life-long devotion to the Campagna, whose wide spaces and grandeur of desolateness have their own fascination, Onorato Carlandi exhibits here a fine work called "Alba Nuora" ("The New Dawn"). It is in the form of a triptych, and through the medium of Roman landscape—the Forum with its ruins and immortal memories, the Via Appia winding through the plains

The Spirit of Sculpture

"SCULPTURE": BY ADOLFO APOLLONI, IN THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION AT ROME

Sculpture is here treated as a female figure, who, with chisel in hand, draws out the hidden form from the unhewn stone. The modelling of the torso and the poise of the proud head are admirable

"CLOISTERED DISTRESS": BY ERNESTO BIONDI
(Now at the International Art Exhibition, Rome)

near Terracine—connects, as was explained to me by the artist himself, the great story of Roman power with the new hopes of national life for Italy.

The Progress of Innocenti

Opposite to this fine triptych, which was painted directly for the Exhibition, I found Camillo Innocenti's brilliantly impressionist studies of modernity. Signor Innocenti, who has lately returned from Paris, is still under the influence and attraction of that capital, but is considered at Rome—as he certainly is—one of the most promising among the artists who are now coming forward. I ventured lately to describe him elsewhere as "a painter of original talent, who is searching out for himself a new path." That path I seemed to hint as not yet found with certainty; but I believe it will be found, for there can be no doubt that the talent is there.

"THE TOILET": BY ARTURO NOCI

Arturo Noci, a younger artist of promise, seems to me to come to some extent under Innocenti's influence, painting, however, just now in what is sometimes called the "divisionist" manner. His "In the Dressing-Room" of this Rome Exhibition is a good example of this method as applied to the female figure.

The Sculpture

And now a last word for the sculpture, which is not so fully represented in this exhibition as it might—and, to my mind, should—be. Ernesto Biondi strikes a note of his own in modern Italian sculpture—a note of realism, which is, perhaps, a little fantastic, but has individuality and great sympathy with all the suffering that underlies our modern life. His group of female prisoners (reproduced at the head of this page) typifies these qualities of his art; very loose in the modelling, some of the faces being almost unfinished, it is a daring piece of composition.

Entirely different in its conception of the art of sculpture is the work of Adolfo Apolloni—classic indeed in its sentiment of form, but classic in the best sense, as is shown in his fine bronze "Victory" of the Victor Emmanuel Monument, and again here in his marble figure of "Sculpture" (*Scultura*), treated as a female figure who, with chisel in hand, draws out the hidden form from the unhewn stone—in which the modelling of the torso and poise of the proud head are admirable. On the whole, however, in spite of the interesting works just described, Italian sculpture is not here adequately represented, and what was needed in this art, and, to a less degree, in the painting, was a wider field of exhibitors and a far closer selection. SELWYN BRINTON

The Camera Off Havana

THE SCENE OF THE SINKING OF THE "MAINE," THE SECRET OF WHICH HAS NOW BEEN REVEALED

BUMBOATS IN HAVANA HARBOUR APPROACHING AN INCOMING LINER

Havana Harbour is chiefly memorable as the scene of the sinking of the American battleship "Maine," the cause of the Hispano-American War—an act which has recently been proved to be not the work of the unfortunate Spaniards

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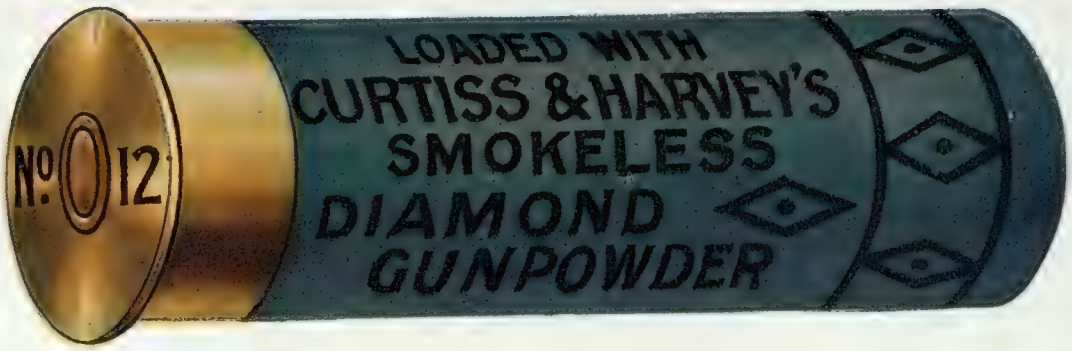

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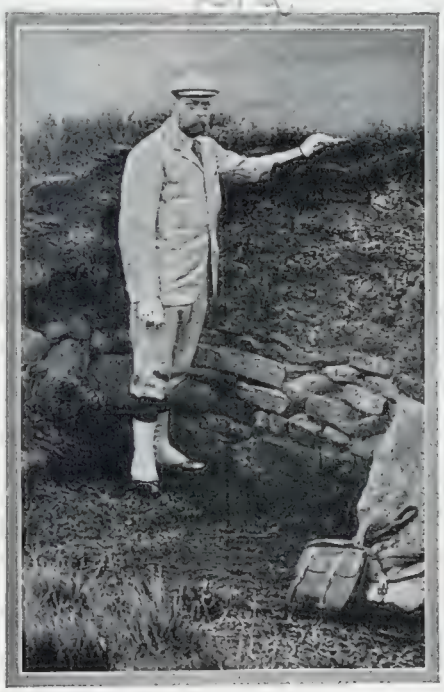
A Fine August Morning at Lowther: The Earl of Lonsdale and Party Off to the Moors
On the extreme right is the Earl of Lonsdale, and behind him the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie and Lord Desborough

IT requires no particular gift of second sight to express the prophecy that this year of grace 1911, which has witnessed the Coronation of our Sovereign, King George V., will remain indelibly fixed on the memory of all the present generation, for it has been a brilliant one in every sense of the word. Among His Majesty's subjects there is none more loyal than the sport-loving section, which is scattered far and wide over his almost boundless Empire. And of this great brotherhood of British sportsmen, King George himself is in the first and foremost rank. That he is there by merit alone, and not simply because he is our King, is acknowledged by all, for I do not think we, as a race, place anyone, no matter how exalted he may be, in the false position of being dubbed a sportsman unless there is strong justification for that most desirable of all titles.

The King!

Now George V. is a sportsman right through, viewed from whatever point he is taken. This alone would endear him to the hearts of most, had he no other claim on our loyal affections. Happily, however, he has made himself loved and deeply respected by all sections of the community in the short time since his ascent to the throne. To follow in the footsteps of King Edward was no light task; for if ever man loved field sports and—to put it vulgarly — played the game, assuredly did our late King. Perhaps of all our British sports, shooting is the one in which the King takes the keenest interest. It is certainly one in which he shines —or, rather excels—for I truly believe that, as an all-round shot, there are not any to surpass and very few to equal him. To him, then, as to many of us, "the 12th" is a date which has a very real meaning. This year in particular, in which he has passed through those great and trying ceremonies with such stately brilliance, yet which must have proved so terribly exhausting, both physically and mentally, the opening day on the moors, with the fresh, heather-scented breezes, should be more than welcome. Whether it has been that the Clerk of the Weather has had his proper feelings of loyalty stirred this year, and so caused him to improve his temper, I cannot say with certainty, at any rate he has given us a taste of a good old-fashioned summer, which is what we have been longing for for some years.



Photographs *Rouch*

King George V. in His Butt

His Majesty is one of the finest shots in the kingdom, and after the many exhausting ceremonies he has passed through recently, "the 12th" will, no doubt, be doubly welcome this year

Grouse Prospects Good

As regards the prospects of grouse this season, I can safely say they are the best known for the last twenty years. It is only on the very driest moors, where there is a scarcity of water, that any harm has been done. The birds nested well, had big clutches, and hatched out early and strong. This happened also in England and Wales, and I believe in Ireland. There have been no signs of disease so far. Let us hope none will now appear.

Many Americans

I hear, also, that practically all the moors were let early and at good prices, a fair and increasing number being taken by Americans. It is quite safe, then, to predict a splendid season, especially if the weather does not entirely break up. Most people will be glad to get up to the moors in good time after this piping hot summer, and those who have moors, or those who are lucky enough to have invitations to shoot, have something to look forward to which will make this season among the record good ones. What in this

world is more delightful than to find oneself on the wide open moors; to be in a butt with plenty of birds coming each drive; to find oneself "holding straight" and accounting for a full average of the pick-up; with cheery companions; with sport well conducted; with fine weather and the scent of the heather in the air? I think one may fairly exclaim with Somerville:—

"Where are the sorrows, disappointments, wrongs, vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone."

Lord Lonsdale Explaining the "Draw" for the Butts at Lowther

Loaders and Loading

The opening of the season is an opportune time for saying something about loaders and loading. It is a curious thing that in these days, when most men shoot with two guns, and, consequently, require a loader, that more trouble is not taken in getting loaders properly trained to their work. A well-trained loader, who quickly and quietly does his work and keeps his head, is the greatest possible boon, as most of us are well aware, whereas a nervous, clumsy fellow, who drops his cartridges or fumbles about in the bag and gets them mixed up anyhow, is an abomination. A gunner is apt, when birds are coming thick and fast, to get quickly impatient unless a loaded gun is pushed into his hand the moment he is ready for it. Should he then show his temper or tell his man to "hurry up" it only has the tendency to make an inexperienced man a thousand times worse. But the difference in comfort between a well-trained loader and an untrained one is so great that I would urge all shooting men to take the trouble and small expense to have their servants taught the work before the shooting season starts.

The Right Way

Loading consists in a little more than ejecting empty cartridge cases and putting in fresh ones. It means doing this, but doing it quickly and deftly; it means watching your master closely, and ramming the fresh gun into his hand the instant he is ready without leaving him to grope or ask for it. A loader must learn where and how to stand, and how to hold guns, so that there is no possible chance of danger. He must learn how to clean guns—especially after a wet day; he must learn when to put cartridges in a gun and when to unload; he must understand how to protect guns from injury or scratching. My advice, therefore, is—send your men to either shooting schools or gunsmiths, and make them learn their work thoroughly. Then, when this is done, half an hour's practice in the garden with your man yourself, making him understand your ways, will help tremendously.

Casual Loaders

Of course, in cases where one is dependent on the host finding someone to load, one has to put up with what is served out, and these casual loaders are generally worse than useless, and often very dangerous, for unless they are watched they will never unload or put the gun at safety. At the same time, hosts know perfectly well that some of their guests will want loaders, and as there are generally one or two keepers or beaters who are selected for this work, it would be an excellent thing for head-keepers only to pick out those who have taken the trouble to practise loading a bit, and who are known to be reliable men, and, above all, absolutely safe in handling and unloading guns. Such men fully earn the loader's fee of 5*s*. per day, whereas an inexperienced man is dear at a shilling, and one is better without their irritating, but, no doubt, well-meant, endeavours.

Photographs] Hot Work: Grouse Shooting on a Westmoreland Moor [*Rouch*

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

"EMPIRE" AGAIN!

At the recent Clay Bird Championship Meeting, held at Hendon, Nobel's "Improved Empire" carried off the following long list of prizes besides many others :—

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Middlesex Gun Club Competition	*First Prize* *Fourth Prize*	The "DOUGALL MEMORIAL" Competition	*First Prize* *Second Prize* *Fourth Prize* *Fifth Prize*
London Gunmaker's Cup	*First Prize* *Fourth Prize*	The Henrite Competition	*Second Prize* *Third Prize* *Fourth Prize*
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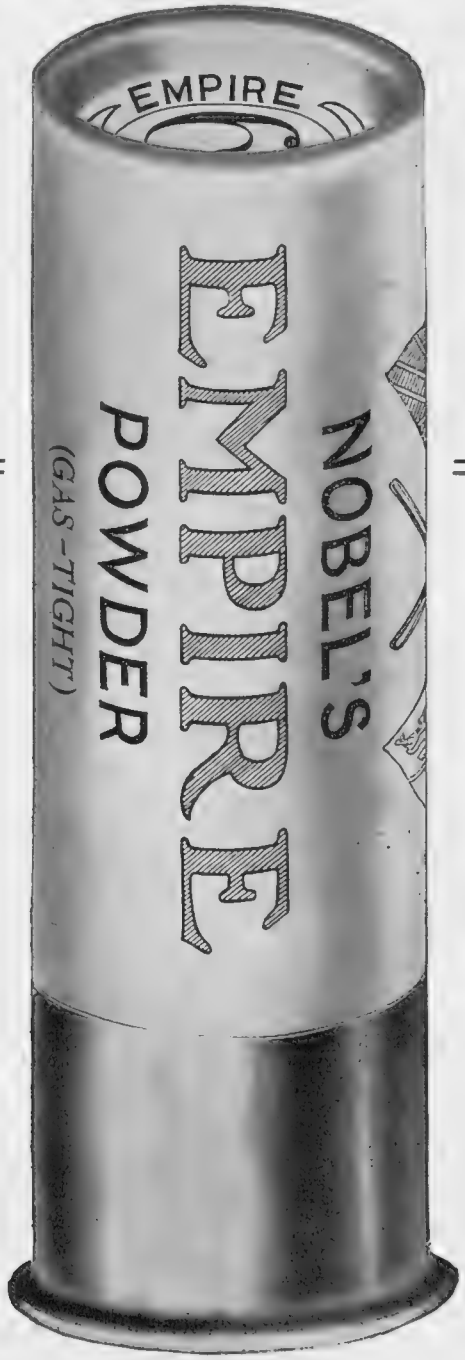

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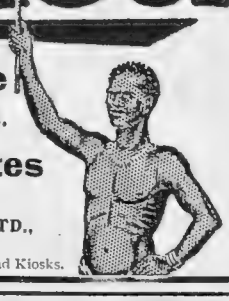

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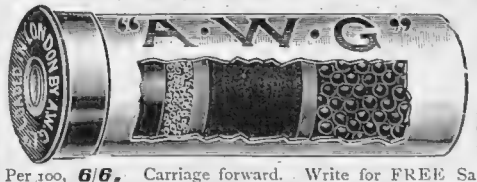

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ONE MUST LIVE

BY
ALPHONSE
COURLANDER

"DO you want to buy a nice coffin, sir?"

The voice seemed to come persuasively from the green depths of the hedge that runs round my garden. I was busy looking at the ants—a particular hobby of mine, which assists me in moralising on the human race when I am in a reflective mood. The voice broke in on my meditations, and I looked up in its direction. A swarthy crow flapped out of the walnut tree, with a derisive croak. I saw nobody. I could have sworn that the crow was playing a practical joke, when again, with gentle, insistent melancholy, the voice from nowhere said:

"Do you want to buy a nice coffin, sir?"

And then, for the first time, I saw, almost level with the hedge, a pair of eyebrows, raised in mild, uncertain questioning, below a soft, shapeless hat. The hat was green, and that was why I had not noticed it at first.

"No," I said to the eyebrows, and bent down to my ants again. For a few minutes there was peace in the murmuring sunshine until the voice came again:

"It is—er—an excellent coffin—a coffin of the very highest quality; one that would do a man credit." His speech was peculiarly refined.

"I have no use for coffins—please go away," I said.

"Not now, perhaps," he said gently. "But—in the midst of life, what?"

I walked to the hedge and looked over. He was a little man—too small to be taken decently by the scruff of the neck. His face was a pæan of joy. His nose a flaunting banner of scarlet. I had at first a vague idea that there had been a misunderstanding—that he was travelling in some alcoholic liquor which was known as the "Coffin" brand, but he thrust a card into my hand which proved his identity. It was an unpleasant-looking card. It seemed to have gone into mourning all over its face, with big, black thumb-marks to witness its grief. In its prime it must have been handsome enough, with its silver print and black edges, but now it was a limp, disordered thing, wilted and grimy with age. It bore the name of Mr. Demetrius Wookey.

"The dust-heap is at the back of the garden," I remarked, handing the card back to him. "May I suggest——"

"Sir," he replied, putting up two hands to ward off the return of the card, "read it, I beg of you. I observed you inspecting the earth, man's last resting place——"

"I was not," I retorted indignantly. "I was regarding the ants."

"Far better consider the lilies," he remarked, sententiously pointing to a silver floral design, distinctly visible below the smudges on the card.

"Well, I'll read your beastly card," I said. And I did. It said that only the best materials were used.

"Well," I said testily, "I do not require a coffin to-day."

"It would be mere hypocrisy for me to say that you did," he said, with a polite laugh. "If I may say so, sir, I've never seen a man look in better health ——" he paused.

"What do you mean?" I asked, stung by his unnatural emphasis on the word.

"Oh—nothing! Nothing!" he said lightly. "It is no business of mine, of course. I had an uncle once." He sighed, and passed a finger over one drooping eyelid. "I am sorry, for your sake, as much as mine."

"How?"

"Frankly, it is much nicer to buy one's own coffin. People are apt to take advantage of your placidity—later. They know you cannot lose your temper. Besides, as I said, I perceive you are a philosopher, and by contemplating a coffin—a fumed oak coffin, with nickel fittings, and polished side handles——"

"There is a little gate at the side. Go round to it and I will meet you."

"I place implicit trust in you," he said. "I will keep the assignation!"

When he came round to the gate, my curiosity was satisfied. The rest of him did not inspire confidence. He was merely a thing of shreds and patches. His footwear was in half-mourning. One boot was brown and the other black.

"Why," I said, indignantly. "You're not an undertaker. You never undertook anything in your life."

"Appearances," he remarked, "are against me, I admit."

"On the contrary," I replied. "Appearances are distinctly for you. They betray your calling."

I jingled coins in my pocket. His ears twitched, and he became as alert as a terrier who scents a rat.

"If a shilling——" I began.

"You are very good." He made an outward gesture of acknowledgment with his hand.

"I do not know," I continued, "what Mr. Demetrius Wookey would say to your possession of his card. That is a matter between himself and yourself. Petty larceny, I suppose."

"No, sir, merely Treasure Trove. I rescued it from the very dust-heap where you bade me put it a few moments ago."

I gave him the shilling. "Not everyone takes the pleasure in a rogue that I do," I observed.

"One must live!" he said, with a shrug.

"What a poor sentiment for a would-be undertaker," I called over my shoulder. He went away whistling. I returned to my ants.

. . . . . .

That night I passed down the village to "The Antlers Inn," there to take my usual glass of cider brew, and to listen to the small-talk of politics and farming.

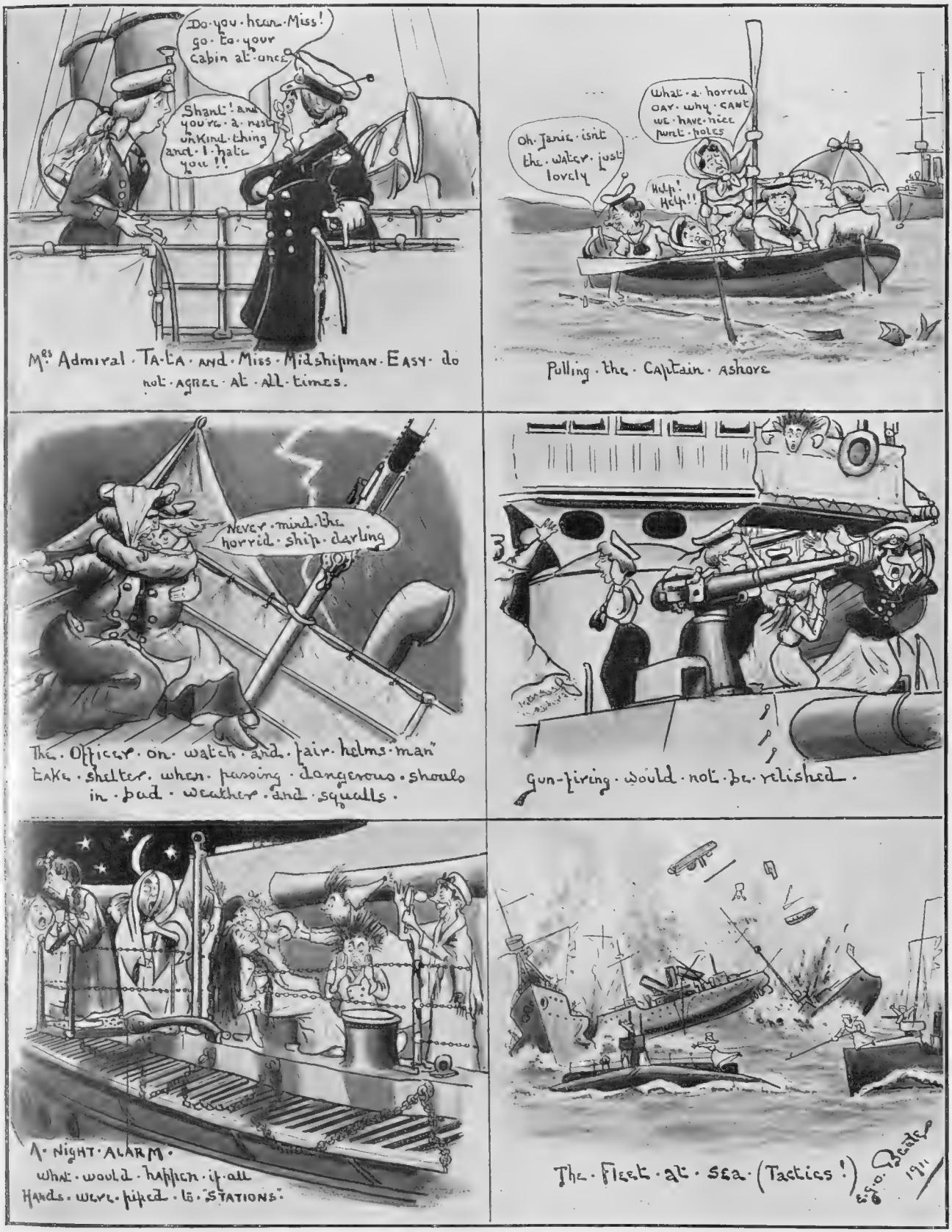
Suddenly, from behind the next partition, I heard a whining voice say persuasively, gently:

"Excuse me, do you want to buy a nice coffin——"

A.C.

When Woman Mans the Fleet

AN UNKIND FORECAST OF THE PRESUMABLY INEVITABLE FUTURE



The ambition of woman to-day is ever ascending. Regarding the government of the nursery and the kitchen as unworthy of her dignity, she soars through the air by aeroplane, and courses the roads at sixty miles an hour "en automobile." Woman will one day marshal our armies and navigate our fleets. Our artist gives vivid dream pictures of this latter nightmare, when all-conquering women does battle with Neptune

BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

The Wonderful Detective

Ever since Mr. Sherlock Holmes retired to a bee-farm in Essex, grumbling, one suspects, at the host of second-rate rivals who had been springing into existence with marked regularity from the time when his successes became known to the world, the book-stalls seem to have found ample room for books dealing with more or less baffling crimes which are eventually cleared up by a more or less baffling detective. This accomplished gentleman, in true heroic fashion, rarely if ever makes a mistake. He has his peculiar methods by which the wrong clues may be disregarded when they have sufficiently worried the reader's intelligence. He is generally a master of the difficult art of disguise, and he has quantities of odd friends, belonging to the most unlikely classes, who prove surprisingly agile and observant just at the right moment. Sometimes he is not actually called a detective: he may be a Government analyst, or a professor of psychology, or a mathematician, or even a journalist with "criminal" ambitions. And there is generally a more or less commonplace, if literary, Dr. Watson in attendance upon him. Of late years, moreover, this modern wizard has found popularity not only in this country and in America, but also in France, where, indeed, the business has been carried on to such an extent that these heroic detectives are pitted, regardless of copyright, against equally heroic, if detestable, villains, such as Arsène Lupin, with truly marvellous results. You would think that the detective story had been done to death.

FATHER BROWN (MR. CHESTERTON'S NEW DETECTIVE HERO) SOLVES A MURDER MYSTERY

(An illustration from "The Innocence of Father Brown," by G. K. Chesterton, published by Messrs. Cassell)

Father Brown

And now, when nearly every firm of publishers in the kingdom is issuing, almost daily, cheap reprints of such tales, there comes from Mr. G. K. Chesterton a new batch of detective stories under the title of *The Innocence of Father Brown* (Cassell: 6*s*.). Now, Mr. Chesterton has always been refreshingly free from the obvious. The things you might reasonably expect to happen in his books never do happen. Occasionally he allows himself to run headlong into the middle of a nightmare, but it is an interesting nightmare, and you will find that no one has ever experienced it before. That is where he scores. That is where he has scored so emphatically in his latest book. He has written twelve stories, every one of which is astonishingly original. And he leaves the recognised track on his very first page, for you realise at once that he is going to eschew altogether the slipshod English and the stagey dialogue to be met with in most of the books of this kind. His hero is neither a consulting detective nor a Government analyst, but a meek little Roman Catholic priest with "a face as round and dull as a Norfolk dumpling." But Father Brown is gifted, in the Chestertonian way, with a great love for his fellow-creatures, and his religious duties have brought him face to face, or, to be more correct, soul to soul, with all the criminal classes. He is gentle and persuasive: he seems to slip into the foreground of things with something of an apology for being there at all. His adventures are the most amazing and the most grotesque, and, I am inclined to think, the most interesting, of any on record. Whether this little priest, with his innocent face, is preventing a really brilliantly conceived robbery in a Belgravian hotel,

Mother Earth's Cauldron

A GLANCE INTO THE BOILING BOWELS OF THE EARTH

On a ridge of half-extinct volcanoes rising from the ocean, the empire of Japan is ever on the "qui vive" for a convulsion. Earthquakes and inundations render it necessary to build houses no stronger than match-boxes, which thus saves bricks and mortar toppling on one's head during critical moments. Above is a European tourist, with three native guides, watching lava in a crater bubbling and steaming to the surface

where the club of the Twelve True Fishermen (which had no history and no object—what a charming club to belong to!) is dining in piscatorial state, or whether he is deciding that a man need not be *completely* inside a garden, or clearing up the mystery of an invisible man who has nothing in common with Mr. H. G. Wells's friend, he is equally fascinating. And he is maddeningly cool. He takes the most wildly improbable events as a matter of course. "There's been another murder, you know," he says in his mild little way, and one feels that that is a typical remark. He refuses, like Mr. Chesterton, to see the obvious, and, upon such a refusal, bases, also like his creator, his success. The obvious, in fact, is something which strikes other people as important—though precisely why they could not always say. To Father Brown it seems perfectly ordinary to be solving a terrible crime by some pieces of sermon paper "of the wrong shape." It is equally within his powers repeatedly to thwart a French scoundrel's ambitions to maintain his kingship over crime, and finally to train him as a most worthy English detective. And he is entirely beyond the bounds of criticism. So, indeed, are his adventures. Mr. Chesterton's book will delight even those particular people who dislike nothing so much as detective stories.

More Champagne

"To praise," says Mrs. John Lane, speaking of a critic, "only shows you don't know," and yet I have no hesitation whatever in praising and recommending her latest book, *Talk of the Town* (The Bodley Head: 6*s*.). It is not a novel, but a volume of essays. Now, essays, as everyone knows, are all very well in their way, but who can be bothered to read them in summer? And yet Mrs. Lane's book is just the one to pick up from your table. It will make you laugh—even if to laugh is the last thing you feel called on to do at the moment. It will put you in the best of tempers with yourself and with everyone else, even if you happen to belong to what Mrs. Lane calls "the wrong sex." (I shall leave you to find out which that is.) You will quote from its pages at dinner, and people will wonder why they never realised before how amusing you could be. *Talk of the Town*, indeed, is a charming and whimsical and blessedly humorous book. So much, of course, you might expect from the authoress of *The Champagne Standard*—and here is more of the same wine, refreshingly iced for August and dry—in the right kind of way.

The Little Tyrannies

For the most part Mrs. Lane is distressed at the little tyrannies of life—clothes, for instance, and elbows and music and orange-peel and The Past. After reading her first essay no self-respecting man, I imagine, will venture to wear his top-hat again. When she feels called on to frame a definition, she arrives quite naturally at the most gorgeous results. Her idea of sub-consciousness, for instance, will make a wide appeal; for, according to her (I had almost written according to Maria), it is "the precious faculty bestowed on a privileged few of hearing the sermon and at the same time studying the hats." There is surely nothing more to be said on the subject. But to quote further from a book of this kind would be as immoral as the giving away of an author's most cherished "surprise" religiously reserved for page 300. Mrs. Lane's book is a sheer joy, and should, I imagine, shortly become what its title suggests.

RALPH STRAUS

A REST AT THE END OF THE DAY

Orange merchants in Jaffa are the most human of mortals. Much more talk than work goes on in their market places, Jaffa never having produced a millionaire. Under the gnarled elm are four traders resting from the fatigues of the market. In the background is the Fountain of Boreas

Summer Steeplechasing

BRILLIANT INAUGURATION OF THE NEW COURSE AT BLACKPOOL

A View of the New Clifton Park Course at Blackpool

Showing Finish of South Shore Steeplechase, won by Burra Sahib

Steeplechasing at this time of year seems a little out of place, but the initial meeting at the new Blackpool course was a great success. No sooner was the suggestion made to hold high-class sport under National Hunt Rules than the support of all the best-known patrons in the British Isles was freely given. The magnificence of the stakes, also, attracted the most notable horses. Several large house parties were entertained in the neighbourhood, notably by the Earl of Sefton and Mr. Talbot Clifton, on whose estate the course lies

The Earl of Lonsdale, President of the New Club, Inspecting the Cups

Photographs] A VIEW OF THE STANDS AND ENCLOSURE [*Sport and General*

Fifty thousand people were present on the first day of this splendid meeting. The crowd was a great one in Tattersall's, the other enclosures being packed, while so dense was the shilling crowd that half an hour before racing started the humble patrons were allowed access to the inside of the course

GAMES AND PASTIMES

"PLAYING THROUGH" CHAMPIONSHIPS

An Interesting Controversy

I am very glad to see that the vexed question as to whether the holders of the Lawn Tennis Championships ought to be made to "play through," instead of standing out and only playing in the challenge round, has been freely discussed in the sporting Press and elsewhere of late. This year the events of the Wimbledon fortnight have served to emphasise its importance. Writing before the Wimbledon meeting had begun, I myself said in THE BYSTANDER that I considered Wilding's position almost impregnable—or words to that effect—owing to his not having to undergo the strain of "playing through"; and so it turned out. At the same time, I differ from those who think that to make the holder "play through" would even matters up—as the Yankees say—entirely.

"Cooking"

This brings me to a further, and in my view more important, point. In my opinion the draw should be arranged—or, vulgarly speaking, "cooked," whether the holder plays through or not. Assuming that the object of the Championship is to find the best player of the year, it may be hardly fair for the holder to stand out, and it is certainly not fair that one good man should, by the luck of the draw, have to play four or five other men as good as himself before he reaches the final, while another reaches the same position by a series of easy victories. "Cooking" is done every day all over the country—strictly on the "q.t.," of course—and the players, knowing perfectly well that this is so, raise no objection; in fact, they prefer it, even when it is against their own interests. Why, therefore, should it not be done at Wimbledon? Of course, it would have to be legalised first; but why it has not been legalised ever so long ago I fail to understand. As long as the necessity for conducting the draw by lot remains, I cannot blame the All-England Club for freezing on to their present regulation whereby the holder stands out. To put it quite bluntly, where you have an expensive meeting like Wimbledon to run "gate" considerations must be taken into account, and the Club cannot afford the risk.

H. S. S.

Mr. A. C. Johnston: Sketched by Thorpe

The Hampshire amateur covered himself with glory last week by a wonderful partnership with Mead for the Southern County against Warwickshire which realised 292 runs. His own individual total was 122

STANDS ST. ANDREWS WHERE IT DID?

That Putter Again

Those who are versed in the recent history of the politics of golf will need no reminding of the strained situation which resulted from the famous ukase of the Rules Committee on the subject of mallet clubs in general and the Schenectady putter in particular. The strain of the situation was only relieved, so far as American golfers were concerned, when the United States Golf Association was allowed, with the consent and approbation of the Chairman of the Rules Committee, to drive a coach and four through the debarring act. The Americans were told, in so many words, to interpret the legislation in the sense which was convenient to them, and they grasped this permission with both hands, so to speak, and retained the "Schenectady" as a legitimate putter. In fact, they made entire nonsense of the careful "general considerations" which were laid down by the Rules Committee as their guidance in interpreting their mallet rule. This having been done, the Americans proclaimed their undeviating and undying loyalty to St. Andrews, and peace once more reigned over the golfing land. Later, the President of of the U.S.G.A. was commissioned to approach the Chairman of the Rules Committee and thrash matters out with that august official in personal conference.

A Conference

This momentous conference took place at Prestwick during the Amateur Championship Meeting. It will be a matter of eternal regret to me that I did not have the pleasure of making Mr. Strawn's acquaintance at Prestwick, for, to judge by his report, he has carried away with him to America some most extraordinary misconceptions as to the position of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and of its Rules Committee. I am loth to believe that the expressions attributed to Captain Burn by Mr. Strawn were really uttered by the former, for they are so totally at variance with all that is accepted by golfers as constituting the position and authority of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club as the governing authority of the game of golf, that I fairly rubbed my eyes when I read President Strawn's report, published *in extenso* by *The World of Golf* in its issue of July 13. I hope to refer to it more particularly next week.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

'Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honor—without the assault of argument.'

MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY—WISDOM FOR THE SUMMER

Your Health is the Principal Item in your Capital.

AND

IN HOT WEATHER

It is necessary to keep the Blood pure and the Liver active in order to keep well.

G. B. Cipriani, Fecit *Engraved by F. Bartoloszi*

SUMMER.

"The street musicians of the heavenly City, the Birds, who make sweet music for us all."

"All disease is the same in all parts of the body. Its cause, morbid humour, which obstructs the circulation of the blood and the electricity or motive power of the brain. Its source, Indigestion and Constipation, or the Putrefaction arising therefrom."—*W. Russell.*

"Recent researches have led to the establishment of the fact, to the satisfaction of the medical profession of the whole civilised world, that the chief cause of the infirmities of old age, as well as of a large proportion of the diseases of adult life, is the process known as 'Auto-Intoxication,' or self-poisoning.

"This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs, or microbes, which infest the bowel, and which flourish most where bowel cleanliness least obtains.

"The dual problem, therefore, of maintaining health and postponing the evils of old age resolves itself into the question as to how intestinal putrefaction may be averted, or prevented, or in other words, how the bowel may be kept clean."—*Charles Reinhardt, M.D.*

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THE WORLD'S BEST

TYRE

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

From the Most Distressful Country

It certainly does not look distressful, and the motorist who only knows it by that reputation and as a political storm centre, should try it as a touring ground. On the west and south particularly (but not only) Ireland is a delightful country, with quite tolerable roads. Derrynane is one of its most charming beauty-spots, whether regarded from the top of the overhanging Coomakista Pass or from its own great golden strand. Keating's little hotel (illustrated) is feet deep in a riot of fuschia, and in the soft air tropical vegetation abounds

Concerning Certain Objections

Objection is raised (*a*) to the suggestion that the performance of Vedrines was practically equal to that of Beaumont in the Circuit of Great Britain Aerial Race; (*b*) to the regret that the prize was not divisible; and (*c*) to the un-English and unsportsmanlike (two awful words) principle, or lack of it, underlying this new-fangled method of tangible commiseration with the second man. Very well. In my recent remarks on the subject I committed all these sins—and am still unashamed. It is neither "un-English" nor "unsportsmanlike" to applaud the second or third, or any other man who has put up a good fight. If it is, I know nothing of English, nor the sporting spirit. It would, on the other hand, seem to me to be indecent to refrain from the expression of appreciation. Invariably we let the first three in any event share the prizes. But in the £10,000 flight competition there was only one prize. Why should Vedrines have any part of it? I did not say he should. I said it was unfortunate in the circumstances that he could not. And although he entered knowing all the risks, and knowing that if he were second he had no title to any share in the prize-money, it does not alter the fact that he took great risks; that he fought a great fight; that in conjunction with Beaumont he made drama for us; and that in the end he was second (I am not, even remotely, reflecting upon Beaumont's splendid win) by probably a single error of judgment. These things, and the fact that he was a mechanic turned aviator frankly flying for money, leave us (other matters apart) with a regret that he could not have a share in the prize, and a sense of pleasure that, owing to certain public generosity, and to the world-fame of his flight, he will, after all, come to great benefit. It would be un-English, unsportsmanlike, and downright churlish to withhold our applause, and no less to refuse to give any tangible expression to our appreciation that the occasion seems to warrant.

An Anglo-American Combination

One of the last vehicles America has sent us—a 20 h.-p. Stoddard, guaranteed for five years—with a handsome torpedo body designed by Brown, Hughes and Strachan. At the wheel is Mr. Crowther, of the United International Motors, Ltd., the selling organisation for the Stoddard and other vehicles in Europe, and with him is Mr. Bertram Boultwood, well known in the motor trade and an expert upon American chassis

The Sporting Attitude

I think that answers objections (*b*) and (*c*). As to (*a*) the statement is that Vedrines had the faster machine,

that his engine never faltered (Beaumont said the same of *his* engine), and that, therefore, he was second only because he failed to exercise the same judgment and powers of observation which the winner exercised with a sailor's cunning. There is nothing to argue. Accept it all, and the position is not materially affected. The disadvantage cancels the advantage, and just leaves us a magnificent performance, hardly bettered, as I said, by the winner.

I am afraid this is largely a personal matter. Vedrines has alienated much sympathy by his manner. He is not a good sportsman, even if he is a sportsman at all in our sense of the term. But, then, so far as I have observed, he has never pretended to be. He is a mechanic somewhat spoiled by success. Like most spoiled people, he is only tolerable when he is pleased, and never pleased unless he has his own way. He is not pleased to lose; and being a French mechanic without culture, his language is sometimes virulent, and without refinement or restraint. But we are not considering him as a product of the schools, but as an aviator. As an aviator we can examine his work and find it good. Being good, we just give him full measure of appreciation, and being English and sportsmen, we give only the larger measure because he failed so gloriously.

In Compression

The See Band and Tyre Company, which recently went into voluntary liquidation, has been acquired by Mr. George Neill, manager of the Charing Cross branch of the well-known Margetts Sectional Tyre Company, motoring editor of the *Indian and Eastern Engineer*, the leading technical organ of the East, and a prominent personality in the motor world. The See Band and Tyre Company will be carried on under the same title (less the Ltd.) as before, and in such hands should be carried to a large measure of success.

That very fine sectional atlas of the British Isles issued by the Continental Tyre Company, to which appreciative reference has already been made in these columns, is now reduced in price from the original 4*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* This should have the effect of still further popularising one of the handiest and most compact car companions available to the motorist to-day. The book is strongly bound, and contains, in addition to the forty-three sectional maps, a key map, a table of car taxes, and some explanatory notes, which greatly increase the utility of the publication. The Continental Company now publish quite a small library of atlases and guides, as, for example, "The German Atlas" (4*s.*), "The German Guide" (3*s.*), "The French Atlas" (4*s.*), "The French Guide" (3*s.*), and this last "English Atlas." In addition, of course, motorists can always have any touring information they may desire upon application to the firm.

After six months' experience, that novel scheme of insurance to cover accidents or mechanical breakdowns of whatever sort, which the Armstrong-Whitworth Company devised for the protection and benefit of its customers, has been found fully justified. Incidentally, it has made an excellent tribute to the efficiency of the car—particularly, perhaps, its steering and brake mechanism, to the insufficiency of which so large a proportion of accidents to other vehicles is traceable. In the six months only two claims have been made, both in respect of minor accidents. Good indeed!

Dr. Highet, of Bangkok, Siam, has purchased a 10 h.-p. Austin car which is destined to do considerable service. The doctor is the Medical Officer of Health in Bangkok as well as Physician to the King of Siam, and will employ the car in the extensive tracts of country which he has to traverse in the execution of his duties. He has chosen well.

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THE 'Allenburys' Foods are based on scientific certainties. They are exactly what a baby needs to develop into a healthy and robust child. The 'Allenburys' Foods are easily assimilated; digestive and kindred disorders are avoided by their use.

INFANTS FED ON THESE FOODS ARE NEITHER FRETFUL NOR WAKEFUL.

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are unequalled, and you cannot do better than follow their example and ride one of the famous B.S.A. machines. B.S.A. Bicycles are finished with the utmost care, and the B.S.A. plating is unequalled for hardness and wearing qualities. The latest models are fully described in the B.S.A. Art Catalogue, a copy of which will be sent post free on request.

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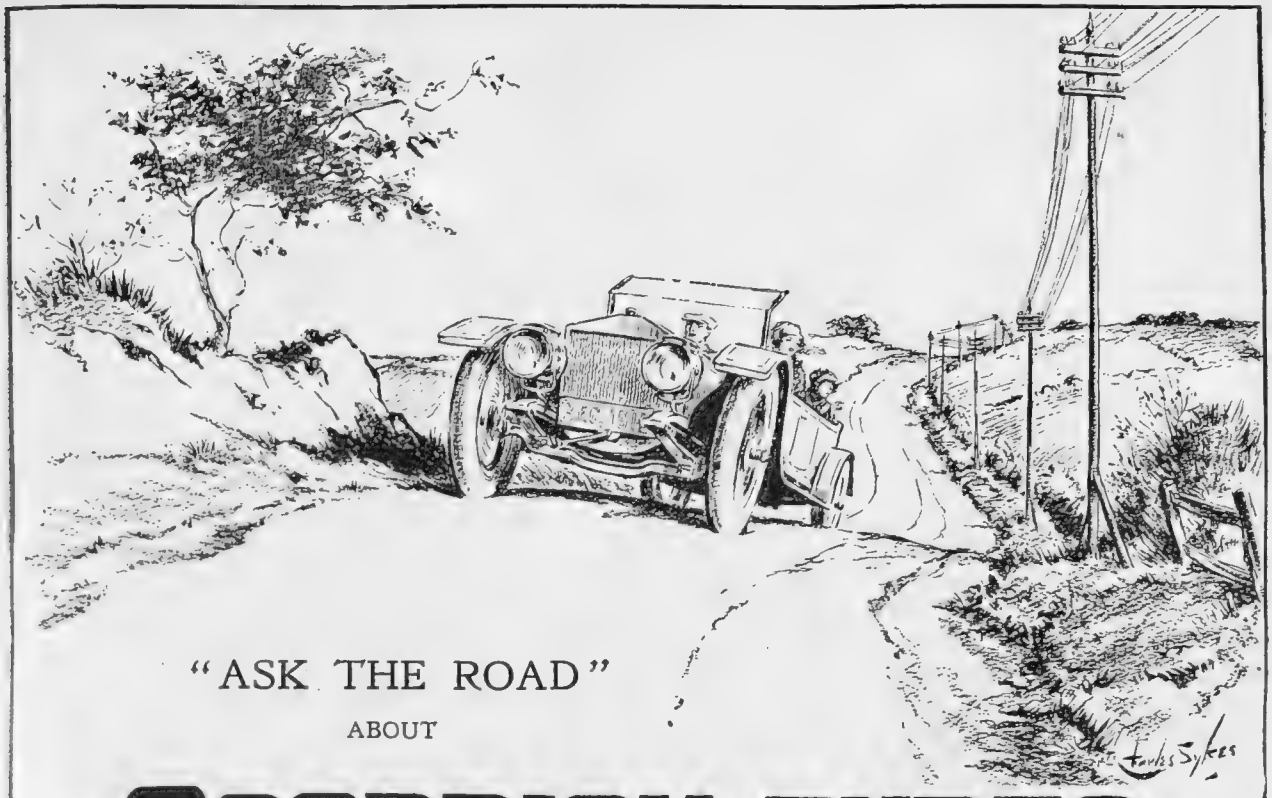

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WITHOUT AN INVOLUNTARY STOP

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Motor Spirit.

This is the record of the successful Trial of a 14/20 h.p. Siddeley type Deasy Car. Read this letter:

Dear Sirs,—We have pleasure in stating that your Pratt's Perfection Spirit was used throughout the 15,000 miles trial of our 14-20 h.p. Siddeley Type Deasy Car, and gave the utmost possible satisfaction.

We found the Spirit of a uniform character, which undoubtedly contributed to the consistent running of the Car.—Yours faithfully,

DEASY MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURING CO.
(Signed) H. Schwartz, Sales Secretary.

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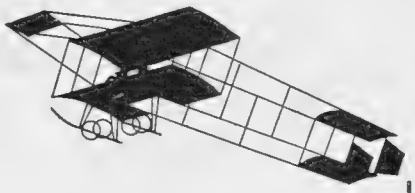

AMERICAN & COLONIAL VISITORS TO ENGLAND

Should not fail to see the Druidical Remains on

SALISBURY PLAIN

and after inspecting these ancient relics enjoy the unique pleasure of a passenger flight on the celebrated

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Write or call for terms and particulars,
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Near Amesbury, Salisbury Plain.

RACING: THE ST. LEGER. By CARBINE

Will Sunstar Run?

Every week now the prospects of the greatest race of the north will become more interesting. An element of uncertainty at present enshrouds the race owing to the breakdown after the Derby of Sunstar. If Mr. J. B. Joel's champion comes out fit and well there will be little need to look beyond him for the winner. But will he be all right? A horse who went so badly lame as Sunstar did at Epsom must necessarily be an object of suspicion. I heard at Goodwood that it was extremely improbable that the Derby winner would be at his best again by the time of the historic race on the Town Moor, and yet I notice that the colt was doing some capital gallops last week.

A Likely Outsider

In the event of Sunstar not starting at Doncaster the race will become a very open affair. Mr. Joel is hopeful that if things do not turn out well for the favourite he will have an effective second string in Lycaon. I do not care for Bannockburn, who was also backed last week, because I do not think he can stay the St. Leger course, but a colt for whose chances I have high respect is Prince Palatine. The style in which he won his race at Goodwood was most convincing. Lord Derby must deeply regret that in a moment of economy he took Stedfast out of the race, but his trainer believes that King William will probably compensate for the absence of the more consistent colt. There is an outsider who may create as big a surprise at Doncaster as Cherimoya did when she won the Oaks. I refer to **Cherry King,** about whom little is known, but I think he has the makings of a great stayer. I am prepared to see him make a very bold show in the St. Leger.

This Week's Racing

This week there is a perfect glut of racing. At Kempton Park on Wednesday we shall see either **Cherry King** or Cherimoya in the St. James's Stakes, and if Mr. Brodrick Cloete's colt wins this good race, as I fully expect him to do, unless their owner starts the filly instead, he is certain to come in for a good deal of notice in regard to the St. Leger. I am writing this nearly a week in advance of the date of publication, which handicaps me in the task of making selections, but **Cyrene** looks a good thing for the Warnham Plate at Gatwick on Thursday. On Friday Mr. Brodrick Cloete might win the Dadby Breeders' Stakes at Leicester with Cherry King or Cherimoya, and in their absence **Oliver Goldsmith** may score. On the following day **Gay Laura** may win the Wistow Hall Plate.

A Further Opinion on the Decadence of Provincial Rowing

Mr. H. M. Knight, The Avon Rowing Club

The deterioration in provincial rowing is attributable, in my opinion, to several causes. First, the exorbitant charges made by the railway companies for carriage of racing boats, which deters clubs from sending crews to regattas, and has encouraged second-class racing in clinker boats provided by the regatta committee.

With reference to this, I much regret that Mr. Maclagan, Hon. Secretary Amateur Rowing Association, has just sent me the following copy of letter from the Secretary of the Railway Clearing House:

RACING BOATS TO AND FROM REGATTAS

Dear Sir,—The application from the A.R.A. for a reduction in the rates charged for the carriage of racing boats to and from regattas has been considered by the railway superintendents in conference, and I am desired to inform you that they regret they are unable to accede thereto.

I cannot help thinking that the companies are acting against their own interests. The total amount paid by clubs throughout the country cannot amount to more than a few hundred pounds per annum, and surely it would pay them better to drop some of it—which would be far more than recouped by the better attendance of the public at regattas, and by the possible resuscitation of several old-established and favourite meetings that are now abandoned.

Also, the charges are altogether out of proportion to the services rendered—the clubs themselves attend to loading and unloading, etc.

From the remarks of some of your correspondents I gather that other clubs suffer in the same way as we do here, viz., by the absence of support and encouragement by old members, who, as soon as their active rowing is over, desert their club, instead of coming down and helping to coach the crews, etc., etc.

Probably if Thames clubs were to attend provincial regattas occasionally, as they sometimes did years ago, it might have a stimulating effect; but I think Mr. Beaumont's suggestion to establish a race at Henley for coxed fours would do more good than anything else. It would enable provincial crews to compete there at about a third of the present cost—which is quite prohibitive to country clubs.

("Famous Rowing Clubs at Home": This Series will be resumed next week)

Euston Station: The Gateway of the North

The exodus to the moors and the mountains has commenced. Servants have been sent ahead, guns have been burnished, and great quantities of baggage have been forwarded to the North in preparation for the great festival of the grouse. It is astonishing to think that through the Doric gateway of Euston one is able, by starting before midnight, to be steaming on a swift steamer through the Kyles of Bute during the next forenoon. On the same day one may coach through the matchless Trossachs, gallop through the wild mountains of Glencoe, or steam from Oban through the wild Hebrides. Euston has long been regarded as the Gateway of the North, to the purple mountains, the red moors, and to the thousand legends of romance clinging around the country of Scott and Burns. But at this season of the year it is the pursuit of deer and grouse which drives most people across the Northern Border. The stalking of the noble red deer and the shooting of the swift red bird are not pursuits to be indulged in by every tourist and excursionist. But while the sport is moderately costly, it is not phenomenally so. There is always good sport in plenty of all kinds for the man of moderate means. New fast expresses are advertised by the L. and N.W. Rly. between London and Scotland. The oldest of the northern lines has always maintained its prestige as the speediest and most luxurious of the northern high roads. In connection with these fine services of the L. and N.W. Rly. there are special tours arranged for tourists to Scotland by the Caledonian Railway. For the modest sum of 19*s.* it is possible to make the round tour through all the beauties of Argyll and Perth, and not a few of Stirling. This trip includes coaching, steamers, and rail. Another beautiful tour by the Caledonian Railway commences either at Glasgow or Edinburgh, with coach to Kenmore, when Aberfeldy has been reached, steamer on Loch Tay and home by rail. This tour costs considerably under 30*s.* for the round, first-class throughout. Those who are visiting the Land of Cakes this autumn are well advised in writing for list of steamer, coach, and rail tours on the Caledonian and North-Western routes.

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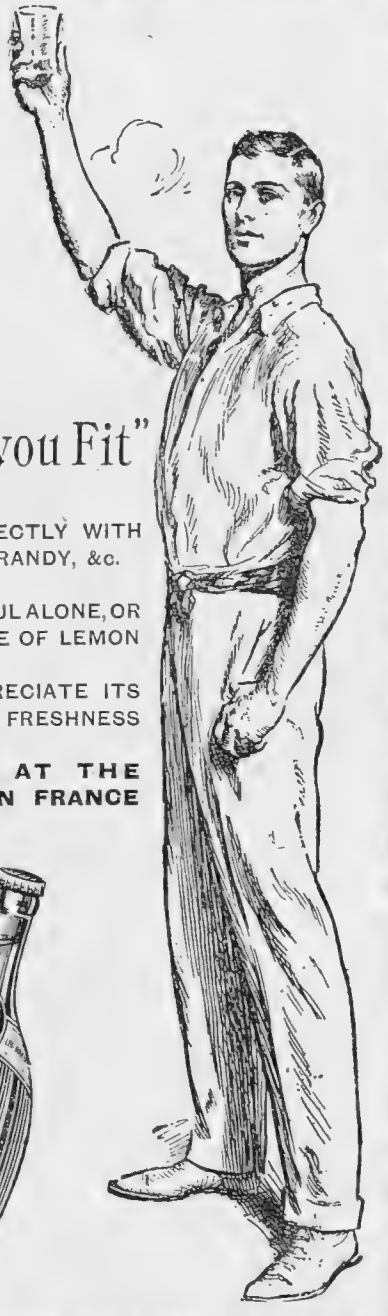

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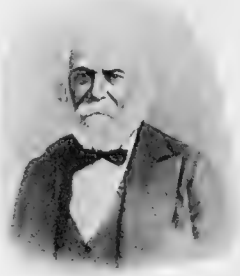

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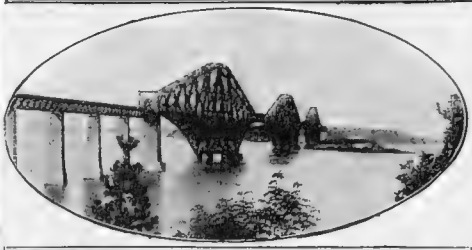

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The Bystander, August 9, 1911

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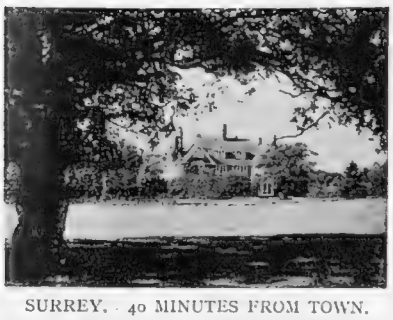

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TO BE LET for next season, 1,300 ACRES of good PARTRIDGE SHOOTING; probable bag, 400 birds; also a few pheasants, etc. The ground has been shot by owner very lightly for last two seasons, and there are a large number of birds; about 30 acres woods and spinneys; large quantities of wildfowl in the vicinity, and a number of duck are bagged each year, besides snipe, teal, etc., on the marshes. There is a cottage on the Estate for use of tenant, also a retriever. RENT, £125.—Apply, Box KS, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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In a beautiful position, entirely free from all motor-dust and noise.

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TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED OR FURNISHED, for short or long period, the above charmingly situated and picturesque HOUSE, standing amidst its finely timbered grounds, and containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and complete offices; stabling for 4. Moderate Rent.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

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Superb South Aspect. Grand Views. Golf. Hunting. Shooting. Fishing.

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A BARGAIN.

BUCKS.—The most beautiful part of the county and within easy reach of London. Splendidly appointed RESIDENCE, with 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, etc.; electric light, gravel soil, lovely old gardens, 2 cottages; stabling and garage. About 10 acres in all. FREEHOLD for Sale at a low figure.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

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HANTS.—In the favourite Andover neighbourhood, 1 mile from a station.

£1,500, FREEHOLD.—The above delightful PROPERTY, in a high and bracing situation, about 300ft. above sea level: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices; stabling for 6; well-timbered gardens, with lawns, walled kitchen garden, flower gardens, pergola, paddock, etc., in all about 3 acres; 2 cottages.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

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In a beautiful part, 350ft. above sea level, 1¼ hours from London. ⅔ miles from station.

£2,900, FREEHOLD.—A DELIGHTFUL AND PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, well away from road, approached by carriage drive: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms; stabling of 4 loose boxes; 2 cottages; the grounds are finely timbered and include tennis lawns, ornamental pond, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, in all nearly 5 acres.—Sole Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Square, W.

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In a bracing situation about 12 miles from Salisbury, 7 miles from Lavington and Wishford Stations (G.W.Ry.), and 7 miles from Amesbury (L.S.W.Ry.)

£125 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—An attractive old-fashioned HOUSE, in first-rate order throughout, and standing about ¼ mile back from the road, 'midst parklike surroundings. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices; stabling for 5; garage, 2 cottages; good water supply; well-timbered gardens with 2 tennis courts, 2 kitchen gardens, surrounded by park with 9-hole golf links.

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and 60 acres of beautifully timbered parklands, etc.

£2,500, FREEHOLD.—Near Ashdown Forest. House can be restored; sandy soil; good water; 400ft. above sea level; superb views. —Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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EXQUISITE PLEASURE GROUNDS,

pretty lakes and parklands of 50 ACRES, high up, gravel soil; golf, good shooting.

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FOR SALE, at moderate price, the above charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 3 large reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, handsome billiard room (all on 2 floors); beautiful pleasure GROUNDS SLOPING TO RIVER

and pasture-land, 13 ACRES; good stabling and motor garage; all in excellent repair; GRAVEL SOIL.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

1 HOUR FROM TOWN ON MAIN L. AND S.W.RY.

HANTS.—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in excellent order and repair, with well-matured and exceptionally attractive pleasure grounds, pasture, and woodlands,

14 ACRES.

10 bedrooms, bath, lounge hall, and 3 reception rooms; stabling and motor garage; telephone, gas; close to

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SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS (near Horsham).—A charming bijou RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 40 ACRES, situate close to an old-world village. The pretty old-fashioned Residence, with OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING, contains: lounge hall, 4 reception, bath, 7 bedrooms, but additions are easy at small cost; there are pretty pleasure grounds and parklands; good stabling; farmery, cottage. PRICE, £6,000.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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KENT (in a notoriously healthy and beautiful district, 500ft. up).—The substantial and attractive RESIDENCE contains: 3 good reception, billiard, 15 bedrooms; long carriage drives with 2 picturesque entrance lodges; BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS, finely timbered; excellent stabling, farmhouse, 5 good cottages, model farm-buildings, thriving orchards, woodlands, and

PARKLANDS OF 154 ACRES.

Good shooting, hunting, golf.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A BEAUTY-SPOT IN SUSSEX.

BETWEEN ROTHERFIELD AND CROWBOROUGH.—A picturesque QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE: spacious hall, 4 reception, billiard, 2 bath, 11 bedrooms.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. MAIN WATER.

Excellent stabling, bailiff's house, cottage, farmery; beautiful pleasure grounds, ornamental water, orchards, woodlands, and

PARKLANDS OF ABOUT 40 ACRES.

BARGAIN, £6,500.

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ESSEX (near Witham), 'midst lovely country.—A compact, pretty little AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE of 108 ACRES. In addition to the above depicted picturesque farmhouse is a Gentleman's Residence, with pretty pleasure grounds and stabling; extensive buildings; splendid sporting; no land tax; tithe £19. Freehold, £3,500.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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By MRS. JACK MAY

Concerning Bathing Attire

NOT that there is anything very new and exciting to be reported. But there is danger in permitting the subject to drift back into the lamentable indifference of the past. By this time we are all pretty well up in what the shops have undertaken to purvey, and beyond, perhaps, a little more daring and progress in colour and colour-schemes there are very few changes from last season to relate.

In the matter of colour there is a particularly attractive artistic shade of cerise that is proving almost invariably becoming. But I remark with interest that the women who are adopting it are obviously those who indulge yearly in fresh bathing attire. For no colour, after all, stands more than a limited amount of salt water. All the same, it would be a sad, dour seaside world if we all adopted black suits. The black alpaca dress, however, stands pre-eminently to the fore in the eyes of the unaspiring, contented bather. It is never dated, and can be varied from time to time by various waist girdles and caps. All the same, it is our pleasure to emphasise the seductions of

A Saxe-Blue Taffeta Bathing Suit

How this is treated our sketch faithfully depicts, the Magyar yoke and deep hem of the tunic being of a black spot material, *foulard*, or, in fact, anything that can be picked up; the weight is immaterial, as both are laid over the taffeta. A narrow black fold outlines the *décolletage*, and a black plaited silk girdle at the waist, while the *chic* effect is clinched by black tights and neat little pale blue shoes.

Both these latter items, I may observe, you will have some difficulty in procuring at any ordinary outfitting establishment. But the tights can always be had from a theatrical costumier, and I understand that Gamages, of Holborn, stock them. Nothing anyone can advance will induce me to accept either their absence or the alternative stockings. Tights, and tights alone, meet the situation of consummating really elegant and pleasing bathing attire.

Oriental Embroidery in Conjunction with Cotton Voile

So great has been the strain on our cool summer frocks, the almost unknown contingency, or, at any rate, a contingency unknown for many years, has arisen for actually replenishing our wardrobes at this, so to say, eleventh hour. And into this breach cotton *voile* is stepping with commendable success and spirit,

A Saxe-Blue Taffeta Bathing Costume

The Magyar yoke and deep hem of the tunic are of a black spot material, *foulard* or anything that is to hand, laid over the taffeta. A narrow black fold outlines the *décolletage* and a black plaited silk girdle at the waist, and for the rest black tights and pale blue shoes are worn

(SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

chiefly in delicate self-colours, such as biscuit, pale grey, and a delicious pink, entitled *praline*, and on these self-tones there is introduced a heavy Oriental cotton embroidery. Needless to say, the *broderie* is worked apart and applied, the *cachet* lying in the clever mingling of such colours as orange, blue, green, and red in vivid tints. The particular embroidery in question is quickly worked, a great portion of it over padded *motifs*, and the constructional part it is destined to play in the subsequent dress design is all carefully marked out.

Another fabric that has found first favour this summer in the cause of the all-in-one gown is the firmer class of tussore. The slump in coats and skirts has been quite serious, since we have been forced, in consequence of the abnormal heat, to accept the cooler advantages of a frock. Now, the tussore dress exacts totally different handling, and there have been some remarkably successful and supremely original models put forward. Several, to my intimate knowledge, were inspirations born of the moment, selection running to greys, from a mouse to a French shade, in preference to the more commonplace natural hue. Indeed, the conclusion is inevitably forced on me that some share at least of the success of the tussore toilette is due to colour selection.

In the case of a mouse-grey tussore an arresting decoration was wrought with fine black rat-tail embroidery worked in with a *vieux-rose* silk, a red leather belt passing under the little habit basque of the bodice, to appear in front, where the corsage crossed in a perfectly natural manner in a slightly diagonal line, the same embroidery accentuating this together with the V-shaped opening. To fill in the latter grey *ninon* was employed, and again served to fashion the dearest little *bouffant* under-sleeves, drawn into a band of the embroidered tussore.

To wear with this gown there had been arranged such a smart old red Tagel straw hat, the upswept brim at the back showing a deep *lame* of black velvet, masses of black wheatears concealing both crown and brim at one side of the front.

Latest Aspect of the Princesse Gown
Fashioned of black Liberty satin

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Feathery Effects Wrought with Lingerie Frills

Although by no means unknown in millinery realms, the *lingerie* frill is, at the moment, proving rather a valuable asset, being deftly manœuvred to resemble wide wing and feather effects. As will be surmised, a stiffish muslin is requisitioned, which, under skilful manipulation and much pleating, can be made to assume almost any form. A weird bat-like *motif* was the sole ornament on a navy blue straw hat, with a lowish conical crown and brim slightly bent either side and caught up behind; while another notable instance that recalls itself is an extremely high Empire toque of pure white straw, a band of black ribbon velvet running round just above the edge of the brim, and right over the crown from side to side a great two-side treble frill of *plissé* muslin. This was *amusante*, as our French friends would say, and by no means every woman's wear. But it had the merit of immense distinction.

Latest Aspect of the Princesse Gown

Fashioned of black Liberty satin, the gown, although moulding the figure closely, has a nice flow at the feet, while the severity of the upper part is broken by a few straight draperies, very discreetly disposed, so as not to thicken the figure. But the *pièce de résistance* of the whole affair is the coarse *filet* of pearls and gold beads, arranged *en Magyar*, with the fulness drawn close to the arm at the lower edge, the which brings about a dual appearance, as is shown by the position in which the figure is photographed.

Where to Enjoy the Heat-Wave

Earl's Court Exhibition is one of the few spots where one may enjoy the very hot weather. Nothing could be more pleasant than an afternoon or evening spent in the cool and pleasant grounds, listening to one or other of the excellent bands. For the more energetically inclined there are innumerable side-shows and amusements. Several new additions to these latter have been recently added. Such innovations as the Alpine Ride and Dragon's Gorge are exciting enough for the most fastidious, while Race-ho is an amusement that should on no account be missed. "The Dead Hand," the famous and gruesome picture by Count Chabannes la Palice, is now on view at the Ducal Hall, and gives one to understand some of the terrors of the Boxer Rising.

PRESCRIBED FOR MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Beware of neglecting "Liverishness"—that condition in which the Liver labours at its work, and so fruitful of constitutional diseases, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, &c.

Aid the Liver to do its work both easily and efficiently with "Kutnow's Powder," and Liver depression and health danger will be removed.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

For Liver, Kidneys & Bowels.

For the Sake of your Health will you try this Royal Remedy without Expense?

Kutnow's Powder aids the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. By aiding these organs it (1) removes and (2) prevents all the ailments which result from either their (1) overwork or their (2) inability to do their work. The free trial sample of Kutnow's Powder" will prove this to you.

It is the duty of your Liver to form bile (which contains certain poisons) and regulate its flow. Your Liver also destroys the poisons which exist in peptones (the products of Nitrogenous Food) and converts these peptones into highly nourishing substances which enter the blood.

If the Liver becomes slack, the poisons which it should destroy are distributed throughout the system and produce the following

Symptoms of Liver Trouble:

—Mental Dullness
—Disinclination for Steady Work
—Muddy Skin
—Offensive Breath
—Lowness of Spirits
—Constipation
—Coated Tongue
—Disquieting Dreams

But the effects of Liver trouble are much more serious than these symptoms indicate. For instance, Constipation means that the Bowels cannot do their work because the Liver is not doing its work in supplying natural aperients to the intestines. Waste matter becomes stagnant in the intestines and is absorbed by the tiny glands situated in them. This puts more poisonous substances into circulation.

The disordered condition of the bowels begins to reflect on the digestive and nervous system and produces the following

Symptoms of Bowel Disorders:

—Pains in Stomach
—Nausea and Vomiting
—Pale Red-Streaked Tongue
—Nervous Irritation and Restlessness
—Flatulence
—Loss of Appetite
—Fullness after Eating
—Pallor of the Skin
—Dread and Anxiety of Imaginary Troubles.

If the Kidneys cannot do their work an excessive amount of Uric Acid remains in the system. What happens? To be rid of it the blood deposits this Uric Acid in some part of the body—usually in a place like the elbow or knee joint, and here it causes pain, inflammation and swelling—the manifestations of Rheumatic and Gouty affections.

Symptoms of Excessive Uric Acid:

—Aching Across the Loins
—Pain in the Joints (from accumulation of Uric Acid)
—Palpitation—Swelling of Feet and legs—Gouty Affections.

If you have any of the symptoms in the above lists you may be certain that either Liver, Kidneys, or Bowels—perhaps all three—require aid. This aid you can get from "Kutnow's Powder," and you should not hesitate to send at once for one of our 100,000 free trial supplies now being distributed to the public.

Obtain This Free Trial of "Kutnow's Powder."

Get a trial supply at once. All you need do is to write your name and address on the Coupon below and post it to S. KUTNOW & Co., Ld.

After you have used the free trial package you can obtain a full size bottle of any chemist for 2s. 9d.

Genuine bottles of "Kutnow's Powder" are always packed in cartons bearing a label with the signature of **S. KUTNOW & Co., Ld**, and the registered trade mark of the "Hirschensprung" or "Deer Leap." Accept no other. If any difficulty send 3s. postal order for a bottle (post free) direct from S. KUTNOW & Co., Ld., 41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

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"The Bystander," 9/8/11.

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Samples forwarded on application

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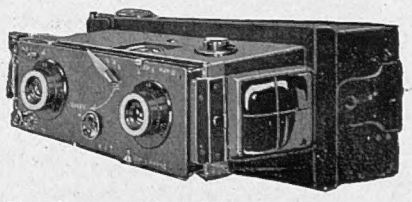
HITCHIN.

Write, this day, for the Verascope Camera list No. 3

There is no photography that vies with the Stereoscopic. The ordinary paper prints are "flat," poor, and lifeless compared with stereoscopic pictures, in which every detail of each figure, tree, or leaf can be viewed standing out in the same bold relief as in actual life. Anyone who has never shared in the joys of Stereoscopic photography should pay a visit to Jules Richard, Verascope House, 27, New Bond Street, W., where they will see Stereoscopic pictorial gems all of which have been created by amateurs with the Verascope. This Camera is so simple to work that a child can learn quickly to produce beautiful photographs of lasting delight. Therefore you should write for Verascope List No. 3 to-day.



The Verascope is the highest grade Steroscopic Camera. Prices range from £7 10 upwards. Write for List No. 3.

The Best Position for Plants

It is not uncommon to hear that plants which thrive in one garden will not live in another not very far away. This may sometimes be true, as when the one soil contains lime which is deadly to rhododendrons and azaleas, but frequently some slight change in position is all that is necessary. What that change should be must depend on circumstances. If the habitat of a plant is not known, its appearance will often indicate the conditions that suit it. Has it hard, spiky foliage like the brooms? Then it may be grown on a windswept hill where there is little moisture and plenty of sunshine. Has it soft, finely cut leaves? Then it needs more shade and an abundance of water. Plants accustomed to an excessive amount of sunshine—for example, those growing in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean—have often grey, woolly leaves, the hairs on them serving as a protection against the rays of the sun; there should, therefore, be no difficulty in deciding what position in the garden should be allotted to them. Red is also a heat-protective colour, as may be seen in the young leaves and tips of the shoots of roses. The reduction of the leaves of cactuses to spines show that drought is a normal condition for them, while their swollen stems show that during their short growing period there is a superabundance of water. The flowering season also supplies another clue to suitable treatment. For instance, the primulas which flower in early spring may be grown under deciduous trees, which are then leafless, but such a position would be quite unsuitable for the majority of plants which flower in summer. It will be seen, then, that a little observation of strange plants and their peculiarities is a great help in growing them successfully.

Hedges in Summer

If hedges are cut now they will require little attention for the rest of the year. Small-leaved plants, such as privet and box may be cut with the shears, but for such plants as laurel and holly, the knife should be used. If the face of the hedge is sloped slightly back towards the top, the lower branches will have a much better chance of remaining green than they would do if it were perpendicular. In any case, it should never be allowed to overhead. When the hedge is very thick, the ground underneath is generally so dry from year's end to year's end that it may seem impossible for any roots to live in it. And, strictly speaking, they do not live in it. The live part of the root—the part which is engaged in providing food—is the tip; the part lying nearer the stem is merely an inert channel, through which the food is passed to the plant; and as there is no food to be found in the arid track under a thick hedge, the root-tips are well outside. Hence when water and fertilisers of any kind are supplied, it is useless putting them close under the plants; they should be put where the active roots are.

H. C. DAVIDSON

THE MENU: Light Entrées

How to Make Croustades
Cassolettes Meringuées
Chicken Creams
Macaroni Quenelle
Cutlets and Tomato Sauce
Haricot of Ox-Tail

Croustades

Cut a slice of bread about two or two and a half inches thick off a stale loaf, stamp out rounds with a pastry cutter, and again stamp these rounds with a smaller cutter to within half an inch of the base; turn the cutter round two or three times so that the crumb in the middle can easily be removed, then fry in plenty of hot fat till of a golden brown, turn the cases upside down, on paper, and dry them in the oven or by the side of the fire before using.

Cassolettes Meringues

After having fried the croustades a delicate golden colour, brush the tops with a little warm butter, and then dip them into minced parsley and coralline pepper. Meanwhile, cut up the remains of any cold cooked meat or chicken into very small pieces, and heat these in any good thick sauce, white or brown, according to the meat you use; fill up the cases with this, and pile up on each stiffly whipped white of egg, sprinkling this with a little parsley, grated cheese, pepper and salt; then put them into the oven just long enough to stiffen the egg, but not to colour it.

Chicken Creams

Pound 4oz. of chicken till quite smooth with one and a half tablespoonfuls of thick béchamel, 1oz. of butter, and a little coralline pepper; then add to it two gills of stiff liquid aspic and one tablespoonful of thick cream; pass it through a sieve, put it on to a plate, and leave on ice to set. Pound 4oz. of lean ham or tongue with one and a half spoonfuls of tomato sauce, one wineglassful of sherry, one or two drops of carmine, and a little coralline pepper, mix in two gills of aspic, sieve it all and set it on ice. Line some moulds with aspic, and place in each a layer of the chicken, then some aspic, then a layer of the ham, more aspic, and so on till the moulds are filled, finishing with the aspic; put them on ice to set, then turn out, and serve with a cold macédoine of vegetables mixed with aspic.

Macaroni Quenelle

Take 1oz. of macaroni, 4oz. of breadcrumbs, two eggs, half a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, a dust of cayenne, and salt to taste, 2oz. of melted butter, and two spoonfuls of chopped ham; boil the macaroni till cooked (twenty minutes), cut it into small pieces, boil the milk, and pour on the breadcrumbs, and soak for five minutes, add the macaroni, eggs, melted butter, and ham, steam in a well-buttered basin for an hour, and serve with a thick brown gravy.

Cutlets and Tomato Sauce

Remove the chine bone from the best end of a neck of veal and let it simmer until tender. Place it until cold between two boards, remove all fat, cut the cutlets with a sharp knife, and scrape the bones. Coat each cutlet with mayonnaise and tomato sauce alternately. Place them down the centre of a silver entrée dish, and garnish with salad.

Haricot of Ox-Tail

Put into a saucepan an ox-tail, which has been cut into pieces, with a sliced onion fried in butter, and add to it six cloves, and pepper and salt to taste. When this has simmered for one hour, add three turnips and three carrots which have been cut into slices, and let it all simmer again for another hour and a half. Thicken the gravy, dish up, and serve.

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A Genuine Holiday Enjoyment.

FEW Holiday Comforts can compare with that of a *Soothing, Balmy, Skin-refreshing Toilet Soap*---one that will keep the skin in *Perfect Condition* whatever weather comes---whether it be hot or cold, sunny or cloudy, wet or dry. Such a soap is

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which both protects and beautifies, being of such an exquisite emollient character that it promotes the full natural action of the pores and imparts to the skin surface the pink and white of a perfect complexion.

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5/- WHY PAY A GUINEA?

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PURE DRINKING WATER

is a necessity in every house.

A "BERKEFELD" FILTER

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The Editor's Box

Don't Be Seasick!

Don't be sea-sick or train-sick—there is no need. A remedy there is to prevent both these great holiday nuisances. Zotos is now world-famed for its marvellous results, and it is, indeed, a boon to sufferers from sea-sickness and train-sickness. No traveller should be without these wonderful capsules, to be obtained of all chemists.

No Need to be Dull at Dieppe

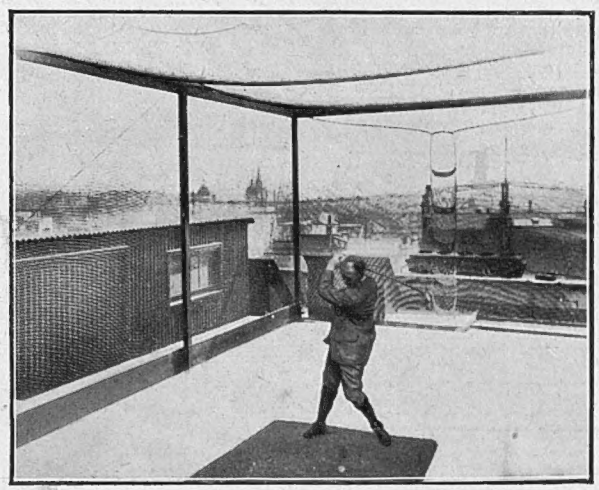
Dieppe offers the visitor many advantages, the chief of which are an entire change of surroundings, bracing air, an inexhaustible supply of pure water, the largest and most attractive Casino on the coast, and the opportunities of making numerous excursions to the many places of picturesque and historic interest in the vicinity. All outdoor sports, such as tennis, cricket, yachting, fishing, and golf, may be enjoyed, while the bathing is a special feature. In view of the excellent and liberal programme of high-class entertainments given during the season at the Casino, at which many of the leading Parisian artists appear, it is claimed that "rain or shine, no one need feel dull at Dieppe." The Syndicat d'Initiative de Dieppe have recently issued an illustrated booklet, applications for which should be addressed to them at Dieppe.

Great Irish Horse Show

The forty-fourth annual horse show of the Royal Dublin Society is announced to take place at Ball's Bridge on Tuesday, August 22, and three following days. Valuable money prizes, cups, etc., are offered for thoroughbred stallions, brood mares, and yearlings, hunters, riding cobs and ponies, and harness horses. Two special jumping competitions, over the course, are provided—one for British military officers quartered in Ireland and the other for naval and military officers of any nationality. For list of prizes and other particulars apply to the Agricultural Superintendent, Leinster House, Dublin, from whom may also be obtained an illustrated booklet dealing not only with the great Irish Show, but with all the attractions during Dublin Horse Show Week.

Benetfink's Great 1911 Innovation

For the convenience of their customers Benetfink's have erected on the roof of their premises in Cheapside a Golf Practice Net, which is one of the largest of its kind ever made. It covers an area of over 300 square feet, and has a height of 10 feet; thus enabling golfers to practise all the various shots of the game. Home-trainers and other appliances of the game are at the disposal of their patrons, who are also at liberty to handle any of the clubs in their extensive stock. The management wish it to be clearly understood that this net can be used at any time (weather permitting) without there being the slightest obligation to make purchases.



Benetfink's Great Innovation Practising Golf in the City!

Shooters Take Note

Now that the shooting season is upon us, it is interesting to note that Messrs. A. W. Gamage, of Holborn, have issued an excellent and fully illustrated catalogue of guns, and all that appertains to shooting.

Royal Palace Hotel

The distinguished visitors staying at the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, include the following: H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, His Highness Prince Ala es Sultaneh and suite, Count Degenfeld, Count Hahn-Neuhaus, Marquise de Beaumont, Baronne de Laveleye, Baron Akerhielm, Dowager Lady Codrington, Sir Ralph and Lady Williams, Sir James and Lady Molteno, Canon Giesswein, Mr. Chintao Chen, Mr. Un Yuen Hau, Mr. N. T. Woo, Mr. and Mrs. Van Kooten, Mr. and Mrs. Van Nievelt, Mr. and Mrs. Baden-Powell, and Prince Fironz and Countess de Bagneux.

That Tired Feeling

The feeling of lassitude and oppression to which English summer weather often gives rise makes it a very difficult task for a woman to carry out her social duties in comfort. Some means of getting refreshed and invigorated is absolutely necessary. An inexpensive and effective means of overcoming the summer depression is to use the Crown Lavender Smelling Salts, which have been famous for so many years. The Crown Lavender Salts have a virtue which is quite peculiar. They not only refresh and stimulate overwrought nerves, but if a bottle is left open in a room for just a few minutes they seem to renew the atmosphere entirely, and impart to it a delicious *soupçon* of fragrance which soon makes one forget one's tiredness. The Crown Lavender may easily be distinguished from imitations by the stopper of the bottle, which is in the form of a Royal crown.

TO GET OVER MAL-NUTRITION

Two eminent physicians write as follows:

May 30th, 1911.

"We use and greatly enjoy **Plasmon** Preparations, and a member of my family has used **Plasmon** with great benefit, having gained 9lbs. in weight, and far more than £9 in appearance."

———, M.D.

June 5th, 1911.

"I found **Plasmon** Specialities all that could be desired in a particular case where I was able from personal observation to note their effects; a child of twelve, who, without any definite illness, did not thrive on ordinary healthy food."

———, L.R.C.P.

A Special **Art-Metal Box** *containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cornflour, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with an illustrated Cookery Book, will be sent for* 1s. *post free, to all who write mentioning this paper to Plasmon, Ltd., 66a, Farringdon Street, London.*

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Though of high nutritive value, cocoa in the ordinary form has the serious disadvantage of being difficult of digestion.

This difficulty has been entirely overcome by Savory and Moore in their preparation of Cocoa and Milk. It is made from the finest cocoa and pure sterilised milk by a process which renders it perfectly easy of digestion, even by those who are quite unable to take tea, coffee, or cocoa in the ordinary form.

Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is highly nourishing, and of delicious flavour. It is invaluable to all who suffer from dyspepsia, and when taken at night is conducive to quiet, refreshing sleep.

It possesses the further advantage of being very easily made, requiring neither milk nor sugar but merely hot water. Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

A TRIAL TIN of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Bystander," and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London.